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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Home, and Mother, Farewell.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

Dear home I leave thee! now I bid
To thee a last adieu,
Each hallowed spot to mem'ry dear
I ne'er again may view;
The flowers frail I love to cull
And twine them for my brow,
They seem to shrink beneath my touch,
For I must leave them now.

My Mother! "on whose breast I've lain
A weak and helpless child,"
Who soothed my weary troubled heart,
With voice soft, low, and mild;
I leave thee! yet within my heart
Thy image ne'er will fade,
Nor will I Mother, e'er forget
The promises I've made.

Thy love, the only tie that binds
My heart unto my home,
Will point the path of duty out
No matter where I roam;
Oh! mem'ry'll love to wonder back
On fancy's golden wing,
And then returning unto me
Will richest treasures bring.

And yet I do not weep, no, I
Have found a joy at last,
That years, nor time, may never dim,
Nor shadows o'er it cast;
Twill lure me on to better things,
And strengthen me for ill,
And should an hour of sorrow come,
Its passions it will still.

Sweet Mother wipe your tears away,
And bid them cease to flow,
Thy child goes with a heart that's true,
Dear Mother this you know;
Then grieve not that you're called upon
To give thy child away,
He's fearless, brave and noble too,
Oh! would you have me stay!

Then Mother bless me ere I go,
And kiss again my brow,
And pray that I may never break,
My early solemn vow;
Again, again, yes! o'er and o'er,
Oh! press me to your heart,
Thy hallowed kiss shall linger there,
My Mother, now we part.

Oak Glen, N. C.

WHO INVESTS IN U. S. FUNDS?

Not the least curious desk in the sub-treasury in New York city, is that of the clerk who pays the interest on the public debt. The coupons and interest on about seven-eighths of the debt of the United States are paid out of the sub-treasury in New York. The balance is in the shape of an inscribed debt, on which the interest is payable to the parties whose names are entered on the great rolls at Washington. Every six months the names of the parties are written out in a book at Washington and sent here to serve as a guide to the sub-treasury.

These books are a curious study. Many of the names they contain are household words. West Indians, and even Asiatics. Barely a third of the public debt is held in this country. The bulk of it, we imagine, is held in continental Europe. One is not surprised to find the names of John J. Astor, W. B. Astor, Jacob Little, George Peabody, and such men, in the list of the creditors of the United States, but they and their countrymen are in a minority.

The heaviest foreign creditor we noticed is Lord Overstone, (the famous John Lloyd,) who has lent this country no less than \$350,000. A Spanish lady, Merced de Layseca, is our creditor to the tune of \$200,000, and a noble friend of hers, the Count Casa Monsioy Castillo, draws six per cent. on \$11,000. Several persons connected with the royal family of Europe are creditors of ours. The brother of the King of Naples invested \$70,000 some years ago, and instructed his agent to invest the dividends as they accrued, in the same security. He now owns over \$75,000. His niece, the daughter of Bomba, is registered as a creditor for over \$50,000. These wise people have been looking out for a rainy day. Another noble personage, the late Duchess of Orleans, has enough in the United States sixes to save the Count of Paris from being

compelled to follow his grandfather's example and keep school; several of the Saxe Coburg Gathas have also invested in the same country.

The Count Rossi saw enough of this country while he was here to invest a few thousands in the famous name of Sontag; and little Paul Julien has a trifle—enough to keep him when his violin fails. One can readily account for the appearance of the name of the Rothschilds, both of London and Paris; but it is curious that the famous publisher, Panchouke, of Paris, is a creditor of the United States; and that the dramatic author, Scribe, has also invested enough to give him nearly 10,000 francs a year. A careful study of democracy in America appears to have persuaded Monsieur de Tocqueville to lodge some of his savings in the hands of our government; and Lord Macaulay, who began with a bagatelle of some \$5,000, has since increased his venture to nearly \$30,000.

But we shall never end if we attempt to enumerate all the people who have their money placed in the United States securities. Here are Lord Dundonald, the great sailor, who has a large sum for a son of Neptune; the Prince de Beauveau, the Count de Narbonne, Sir John Bayley, the Marquis of Champagne, Baring Brothers, Count de Beaumont, General Bernoloff, and a host of titled people, who, perhaps, depend upon the honesty and solvency of the United States government for a living. Lord Elgin saw enough of us to leave \$17,000 of his savings in our six per cents; and the famous Russian, Alex. Herzen, has a bagatelle of \$80,000 in the same security. There is another creditor whose name is a curiosity. It runs thus: Baron Louis Numa Epaminondas Justian Aristides Decius Salis Haldenstein Licherstein Gortenstein. Fancy a man with such a name drawing twenty-six dollars and fifty cents from the United States!

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Israel Putnam was born at Salem, in Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718. His father was a farmer and the son was destined for the same pursuit, for which no great extent of education was then believed to be required. Putnam was one of those instances of men in whom the deficiencies of education were supplied by natural resources and energies. His constitution of body was firm and vigorous; and he early displayed that insensibility to danger, which was so strikingly exhibited in his subsequent career. It was the custom of the young men of that day to pursue athletic exercises, of which running, leaping, wrestling, and pitching the bar were the favorite ones, and were regarded as the surest tests of strength and skill; and in these manly sports young Putnam was surpassed by none of his competitors.

In the twenty-first year of his age he was married and removed to Pomfret in Connecticut, where occurred the first of those adventures for which he has been so celebrated. A she-wolf for a long time had been the scourge and terror of the farmers, whose pursuit of her had been altogether fruitless. In an evil hour for her own safety she made an onset upon Putnam's farm-yard. Seventy of his sheep and goats were killed and many others wounded in the course of a single night; and it was determined to resort to decisive measures. Several of Putnam's neighbors combined with him in her pursuit. They tracked her to a cavern near the residence of Putnam. The place was

selected with great judgment to with stand a siege; as very few persons beside Putnam himself could have been persuaded to reconnoitre the position of its inmate. It is entered by an aperture about two feet square, on the side of a huge ledge of rock. No time was lost by the confederates in devising various methods of attack. A competent force of dogs was collected, but those that entered the cave retired in great disgust. Blazing straw, burning brimstone and other means were taken to draw the animal from her retreat, but all in vain. At last Putnam resolved to enter the cave. He first procured some birch bark, to light his way and intimidate the wolf by its flame; then threw aside his coat and vest; and, causing a rope to be secured to his legs, set fire to his torch and groped his way into the cavern. At the extremity he saw the wolf who welcomed her unexpected visitor with an ominous growl. His examination being now



ISRAEL PUTNAM.

completed he gave the appointed signal and was drawn out. He now provided himself with a musket, and bearing it in one hand, and a lighted torch in the other, proceeded a second time upon his perilous adventure till he drew near the wolf. Just as she was on the point of springing, he took deliberate aim and fired; then, stunned by the explosion and almost suffocated by the smoke he was again drawn out as before. After a brief interval he entered the cavern for the third time, when finding the wolf dead, he seized her by the ears and was drawn out with his prize to the infinite satisfaction of the party.

We next hear of him in the French and Indian wars. On one occasion he had the good fortune to save the life of his intimate friend, Major Rogers. They had been dispatched to reconnoitre Crown Point, and while concealed, a soldier came upon the very spot where Rogers lay, at some little distance from Putnam, and upon discovering him, called for aid to an adjacent guard, attempting at the same time to seize Roger's fusée with one hand, and to stab him with a dirk which he held in the other. Putnam, perceiving the imminent danger of his associate, and being unwilling to alarm the enemy by firing, ran up, and struck the Frenchman dead before him with a single blow from his fusée.

On another occasion he was sent, in company with lieutenant Durkee, to examine the position of the enemy at the Ovens, near Ticonderoga. It was the custom of the British and Provincial troops to set fires by night in a circle around their camp. The French, on the contrary, more wisely placed them in the centre, so that their sentinels were screened from observation by the darkness.

Putnam and Durkee were not aware of this usage, and were creeping slowly on their hands and knees, in order to approach the fires, when they were confounded at finding themselves in the midst of the camp of the enemy, by whom they were discovered and fired upon. Durkee received a bullet in his thigh; but there was no time to be lost, and they began an expeditious retreat. Putnam led the way, and in a few minutes fell foremost into a clay pit, followed by Durkee, who had kept closely at his heels. Supposing his companion in the pit to be one of the pursuers, Putnam had raised his arm to stab him, when he recognized Durkee's voice. Both then rushed from their retreat, in the midst of a shower of random bullets, and threw themselves behind a log, where they spent the remainder of the night. On examining his canteen, Putnam found it pierced with balls, and its contents entirely gone; and next morning at daylight, he discovered that his blanket was sorely rent by fourteen bullet holes.

Putnam was engaged in a great many encounters during the early wars in the colonies, in which he won great honor and renown. Not only in the battle field, but in the encountering of other dangers, did Putnam manifest his insensibility to fear. At one time the barracks of Fort Edward accidentally took fire. Within twelve feet of them stood the magazine, containing three hundred barrels of powder. The flames were spreading fiercely in the direction of the magazine, when Putnam took his station on the roof of the barracks, as nearly as possible to the blaze. A line of soldiers were formed through a postern to the river, from which water was conveyed to Putnam, who threw it on the fire, standing all the while so near it, that his mittens were burned from his hands. He was supplied with another pair, soaked in water, and kept his post.

Colonel Haviland considering his situation to be too dangerous, urged him to descend; but he replied that a suspension of his efforts would be fatal, and the colonel, encouraged by his intrepidity, gave orders that nothing should be removed from the fort, excepting that if they must perish, all should be blown up together. The barracks began to totter; Putnam came down and took his station between them and the magazine; the external planks of this building were consumed, and there remained only a partition of timber between the powder and the flames; still he refused to quit his post, and continued pouring on the water until the fire was happily subdued. He had contended with the flames for an hour and a-half; and, in removing the mittens from his hands, the skin was torn off with them. Several weeks elapsed before he recovered from the effects of this exposure.

One day in the course of the summer 1758, while Major Putnam was lying in a bateau with five men, on the east side of the Hudson, near the rapids of Fort Miller, he was suddenly warned from the opposite shore, that the Indians were upon him. His bateau was at the head of the rapids; to remain or cross the river would be inevitably fatal. Before the bateau could be put in motion, the Indians opened their fire from the bank; one man, who, being at a little distance from the rest, had been of necessity left behind, was instantly seized by them, and killed. Without a moment's hesitation, Putnam seized the helm, and steered his bateau directly down the river; there was scarcely even a chance for escape; the current

was broken, into whirlpools and eddies, and it rushed furiously over shelves and among projecting rocks. Without any aid from his companions, who were aghast at the danger, he guided his boat, as it shot down, in the course which seemed less threatening, avoiding the rocks and stemming the eddies. Sometimes it was turned fairly around, again it sped onward with the fleetness of a dart; till in a few minutes it was gliding quietly over the smooth stream below. "On witnessing this spectacle," says Col. Humphreys, "the rude savages viewed him with the superstitious veneration, which the Europeans, in the dark ages, entertained for some of their most valorous companions. They deemed the man invulnerable, whom their balls, on pushing from the shore, could not touch; and whom they had seen steering in safety down the rapids that before had never been passed. They conceived it would be an affront against the Great Spirit to kill this favored mortal with powder and ball, if they should ever see and know him again." It will be seen, however, that some of the race were not inclined to push their religious scruples so far, as to deny themselves the satisfaction of subjecting him to the ordeal of fire.

In the month of August, Major Putnam was deserted by the fortune which had hitherto attended him, and encountered some of the most remarkable of those perils, which give a character of romance to his personal history. A corps of five hundred men, under the command of Major Rogers and himself, were detached to watch the enemy in the neighborhood of Ticonderoga. Early one morning, Major Rogers, with a strange disregard to those precautions to which the Rangers were so often indebted for security, amused himself by a trial of skill with a British officer, in firing at a mark; and this signal act of imprudence was followed by the loss of many lives. Molang, the French partisan, had been sent out to intercept the party, and was at this moment lying scarce a mile from their encampment. The sound of the firing guided him at once to their position; and he parted his men in ambush along the outskirts of the forest, near the path through which they were to pass. Soon after sunrise, the Americans resumed their march, and after passing a thicket through which their course led them, they were just about to penetrate the forest when they were furiously attacked by the French and savages. The assault, however unexpected, was sustained with gallantry and coolness. The action began to assume a desperate character. Putnam was determined to maintain his ground; his soldiers, as occasion required, fought in ranks in the open spaces of the forest, or fired from behind the shelter of the trees. But his own fusée chanced to miss fire, while he held its muzzle against the breast of an athletic savage; thus defenceless he was compelled to surrender; and his antagonist having bound him securely to a tree, returned to the battle. The tree to which Putnam was secured was thus brought midway between the combatants, in the centre of the hottest fire of both; and he stood, wholly unable to move his body, or even to incline his head, in the midst of a shower of balls, of which many lodged in the tree above him, and several passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this position, than which it would be difficult for the imagination to conceive one more appalling, he remained for more than one hour; each of the parties meanwhile giving ground several times in succession, but not so far as to place him beyond the field of contest. Once, when the Provincials had retired a little and the savages were near him, a young Indian amused himself by throwing his tomahawk at the tree, apparently to ascertain how nearly he could cast it to the body of the prisoner without striking him; and the weapon

more than once lodged in the tree, within a hair's breadth of the mark. When this barbarian grew weary of his sport, a French subaltern drew near, and leveled his musket at Putnam's breast.—Fortunately it missed fire. It was in vain that the latter claimed the treatment due to him as a prisoner of war. The Frenchman, instead of desisting, pushed him violently with his musket, and after dealing him a severe blow upon the cheek with the butt-end of his piece, left him to his fate. After a long and gallant contest, the Provincials remained in possession of the field; the enemy were routed, and retired, taking with them their prisoner.

When the Indians had retreated to a considerable distance from the field of the battle, they deprived Major Putnam of his coat, vest, stockings, and shoes, bound his hands tightly together, and piled the packs of a number of the wounded on his back. In this wretched condition, exhausted by fatigue, and severely suffering from the injuries he had received, he was forced to march for many miles through a mountainous and rugged track; until the party overcame with weariness, at length halted to rest themselves. Meantime the tightness of the cords around his wrists, had caused his hands to swell, and made them exquisitely painful; the blood was flowing from his torn and naked feet; the weight of his burden became intolerable to his exhausted frame; and he entreated the savages to loose his hands or to release him from his sufferings by death. A French officer intervened, removed the ligatures, and relieved him of a portion of his burthen.

A spot for the evening's encampment was selected, and the Indians taking with them Major Putnam, went thither in advance of the rest of the party. On the way he experienced fresh outrages, and was deeply wounded on the cheek by a blow from a tomahawk. He had been thus far spared for a darker purpose; it had been resolved that he should perish at the stake, with all those refinements of torture, by which the savages know how to enhance the bitterness of death. The depths of the forest were chosen as the scene of sacrifice. The victim was bound entirely naked to a tree; large piles of fuel were laid in a circle around him; and, while these fearful preparations were in progress, they were rendered more appalling by the wild songs and exultation of the Indian. When all was ready, and their victim was awaiting the hour of death with the firmness which never failed him, the fire was set to the fuel about him; but a sudden shower extinguished the flames. After repeated efforts the blaze began to rise from every portion of the circle. Putnam's hands were closely bound, but he was still able to move his body; and his convulsive writhing to avoid the flame, gave infinite diversion to his tormentors, who accompanied their orgies with songs and dances, and their usual terrific expressions of delight. All hope of relief was now at an end, and nature was beginning to yield to the excess of suffering, when a French officer rushed through the throng, dashed aside the blazing brands and cut the cords of the prisoner. After sternly reprimanding the Indians for their cruelty to the officer, who was Molang himself, took Putnam under his protection until he could restore him to his Indian captor. This savage had not been present at the attempt to sacrifice him, and during his captivity had shown him a degree of kindness.

When Putnam was placed in his hands, he appeared to feel for his sufferings; and, finding him unable to eat the hard bread set before him, in consequence of the injury inflicted by the Frenchman, moistened it with water for his relief. Apprehensive, however, that Putnam might take advantage of the darkness to escape, he removed his moccasins, and bound them to his wrists; then placed him on the ground upon his back, and, extending his arms far asunder, as possible, secured them to two young trees. His legs were next secured in the same ingenious manner. Several long and slender poles were next cut, and laid together with bushes, transversely across Putnam's body; on the extremity of these lay several Indians, in such a manner, that the slightest effort to escape must awaken them. Having completed this singular cage, the Indians were content with the provision they had made for his safe keeping; and in this particularly inconvenient prison, Putnam spent the dreary night that followed his release from death. He was accustomed to relate, that, even while thus reposing, he could not refrain from smiling, as he thought of the odd subject for the canvass which was presented by the group of which he contributed the most prominent figure; but his merriment was probably of short duration.

Next morning he was released from durance, and provided with a blanket; some bear's meat was given him to allay his hunger, and he was permitted to resume his march without a burden. After being conveyed to Ticonderoga,

he was sent to Montreal, and eventually effected his exchange. While at Montreal he met with Colonel Schuyler, another American prisoner, to whom he was indebted for many acts of kindness. Putnam had been suffered to remain without a coat, vest, or stockings; the remnant of his clothing was miserably tattered, and his body exhibited serious marks of the violence he had endured. Colonel Schuyler immediately supplied him with all the necessities he required.

After his release he signalized himself on many occasions, and was promoted to the rank of Colonel. After ten years service he retired from the army at the conclusion of the war, and remained in private life until the breaking out of the war of the revolution.

At the very outset, when Parliament first passed the Stamp Act, Putnam's heart and hand was devoted to the cause of freedom. He was among the foremost to compel the appointed Stamp-masters in Connecticut to relinquish their odious office; and his hostility to the obnoxious law was determined and uncompromising. When the anticipated collision came between the colonies and the mother country, he left his farm and hastened to take an active part in the quarrel. He did great and signal service at Bunker Hill, on Long Island, and in New Jersey. As we are now preparing his biography, of course we cannot enter into the details of these transactions, but must simply confine ourselves to his personal adventures. He had the command of the army in New York, and it was always a favorite plan of his to make a descent upon the city, but his design was never executed.

At one time he was visiting his outposts at West Greenwich, when Gov. Tryon, with a corps of fifteen hundred men, was on a march against it. Putnam had with him only one hundred and fifty men, with two pieces of artillery; with these he took his station on the brow of a steep declivity near the meeting house. The road turned to the north, just before it reached the edge of the steep; after proceeding in this direction for a considerable distance it inclined to the south, rendering the descent gradually and tolerably safe. As the British advanced, they were received with a sharp fire from the artillery; but perceiving the dragoons about to charge, Putnam ordered his men to retire to a swamp, inaccessible to cavalry, while he himself dashed directly down the precipice, in a spot where one hundred stone steps were cut out in the solid rock for the accommodation of foot passengers. His pursuers who were close upon him, paused with astonishment as they reached the edge, and saw him accomplish his perilous descent, and not one of them daring to follow, they discharged their pistols after him, one bullet of which passed through his hat. This wonderful feat has done more for the name of Putnam than almost any other act. The declivity, from this circumstance, has since borne the name of Putnam's Hill.

Shortly after this, in 1779, he was seized with a paralytic attack which compelled him to retire from the army. He died on the 17th day of May, 1790.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Poems by Winthrop Mackworth Praed—Poe, in Blue and Gold—Challen's Juvenile Library—New Book by Mr. Challen—Abbott's Empire of Russia—Smooth Stones From ancient Brooks—New Book by Mr. Balforn—Household Library—Splendid new history of the Puritans—Leaders of the Reformation—History of Independence Hall.

The first edition of Praed's Poems published many years ago, under the editorial supervision of Griswold, was a very different looking article from the elegant new and enlarged edition, in two fine duodecimo volumes, just issued from the press of J. S. Redfield, Esq., New York. The editor of the present collection, availing himself of the first, and also of many interesting particulars since accumulated, has now made, under the title of *The Complete Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed* as perfect an exhibition of the varied powers of that wonderful versifier as we shall probably ever have, or can desire. Praed was one of the most delightful of the spontaneous poets, throwing off his conceits as prodigally as if they were nothing, and surprising the reader with melting pathos and reckless fun in the same page, and even in the same couplet. His versification is so easy, and his command of the somewhat unaccommodating English tongue so perfect, that one might read his verse for his music—wit, sentiment and sense aside. We imagine that there are few lovers of genuine poetry but will cheerfully make some sacrifice, if need be, to obtain these charming volumes.

The popular "Blue and Gold" of *The Poetical Works of Edgar A. Poe*, also comes from the well-known press of Mr. Redfield, as above. This little gem of a volume is one of the most desirable of the now numerous pocket library inaugurated

by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and known as the "Blue and Gold." A fine portrait of Poe faces the title page. This is followed with an interesting biographical sketch; and Poe's own admirable essay on the Poetic Principle appropriately closes the volume. Altogether a most complete, compact, convenient and dainty little brochure.

Messrs. James Challen & Son, Philadelphia whose fine publications on Palestine Past and Present, and The City of the Great King, are so well known, have recently issued a very interesting collection of 40 volumes suitable for Sunday School and Family Libraries. They are specially adapted to the comprehension of the youthful mind, are attractive in subject and style, and as nothing sectarian has been admitted in their composition, are suitable for Sabbath Schools of every denomination. We specially name the titles of four little volumes as samples of all—*The Rainy Day*, with an illustration, *The Jew, Bible Stories*, and *Stony-Ruin Station*, also illustrated. The last named is a very interesting little story, and is not too simple for older readers. These volumes are sent anywhere, post paid, at twenty-five cents each, or the whole forty are sold, put up in neat boxes, for eight dollars.

The same publishers issue a new religious volume by the Rev. James Challen, the senior head of the firm, entitled *Baptism in Spirit and in Fire*. The author shows that these are distinct baptisms, and records at length the arguments on immersion. The whole subject is treated with candor and care and much new light is elicited and brought to bear upon it. Two editions are published, one in cloth at 40c, the other in paper covers at 30c, and sent free by mail.

Messrs. Mason Brothers, New York, and Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, publish, in a splendid crown octavo volume of 528 pages, the second volume in their valuable series of "The Monarchies of Continental Europe," by John S. C. Abbott. This volume, entirely distinct in itself, contains *The Empire of Russia; From the remotest Periods to the Present Time*. Mr. Abbott says in his preface, "The World is now too busy to read voluminous history. The interminable details of battles and the petty intrigues of courtiers and mistresses have lost their interest. In this volume it has been our purpose to trace perspicuously the path which Russia has trod from earliest infancy to the present hour. The career of this empire has been so wild and wonderful that the historian can have no occasion to call in the aid of fancy for the embellishment of his narrative." This is clear, and to the point, and therefore, without that waste of words which he deprecates, Mr. Abbott plunges boldly into his task; and presents his largely accumulated material with much the same conciseness and perspicuity which made his Napoleon Bonaparte so widely celebrated. The work reads from beginning to end like a romance or a biography. In fact it is a biography, a great country standing in the place of an individual hero. It is the most interesting volume on Russia that we have ever read.

A new book by Spurgeon is sure of a host of readers. From Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, the young Boanerges' exclusive publishers in this country, we have, the past week, in 1 vol. 16mo., *Smooth Stones From ancient Brooks*; Being a collection of sentences, Illustrations and Quaint Sayings from the Works of that renowned writer, Thomas Brooks. Will the reader note the pun on the title page? The "renowned" Thomas probably never thought that he would appear at this late day as the running representative of those babbling little treasure holders that course down mountain sides and in the bosom of valleys. Mr. Spurgeon says of his compilation, "Reader, thou hast here presented to thee in a cheap and readable form the choice sayings of one of the King's mighties. The great divine who wrote these precious sentences was of the race of giants; he was head and shoulders above all people, not in his stature like Saul, but in mind, and soul, and grace." This is hardly an exaggeration, as a perusal of the quaint and charming little volume will prove.

The same publishers issue a new volume by the Rev. W. P. Balforn, *Lessons from Jesus, or The Teachings of Divine Love*, 1 vol. 16mo. The former volume by the same author, *Glances of Jesus*, was warmly received in this country and in England, and no less an authority than Mr. Spurgeon supplies the following graceful testimony to its worth. He says "Would you have perfume?—here it is. Would you have beauty?—here are glimpses of the 'altogether lovely.' Would you hear music?—listen to the harmony of the sweet verses in this book. In fine, would you learn the road to heaven?—God helping you, you may find it here. Believe me gentle reader."

The publication of that admirable little series of volumes, "The Household Library," has been transferred to Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, who will continue its regular publication in the same spirit with which it was inaugurated. We were afraid that the little "Library" was about to be discontinued, but learn with much pleasure that a change of publish-

ers is the only change contemplated.—Many larger and more pretentious volumes might far better be spared. The last issues comprise the *Life of Thomas A. Becket*, by Henry Hart Milman, D. D., Dean of St. Pauls; and the *Life of Hannibal*, by Thomas Arnold, L. L. D. Each volume is complete in itself, and is not numbered, so that one or more volumes can be arranged on the book-shelf without the necessity of purchasing the whole series. Few readers, however, who become acquainted with the volumes but will wish to have the entire set. The price, fifty cents per volume, and mailed anywhere free of postage, places them within the reach of every reader.

We have often alluded to the valuable publications of Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. The latest of their issues, a noble octavo volume of nearly 600 pages, comprises a history of *The Puritans, or the Church, Court and Parliament of England during the Reigns of Edward Sixth and Elizabeth*; by Samuel Hopkins. The volume is the first of three, and the whole, when completed and published, will form the most stupendous and reliable account of the great sect so intimately connected with the religious and civil history of our own country ever given to the public. Mr. Hopkins possesses all the qualifications of a first class historian. He unites thoroughness of research to a style of singular fascination; and his dramatic narrative and life-like portraits of the preachers, courtiers and popular leaders of one of the most stirring periods of English history, will secure a multitude of admiring readers. The book has all the charm and freshness of a romance, while developing with great clearness and precision the origin and growth of Puritanism. Every collection of books of any importance should have it included in their number.

The same publishers issue, from the English edition, in one handsome 12mo. volume, *Leaders of the Reformation*; Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox; the Representative Men of Germany, France, England, and Scotland; by John Tullock, D. D., of St. Mary's College. The substance of these very interesting sketches was delivered in a series of lectures by Professor Tullock, at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute. They were prepared, however, with the purpose of publication, and the necessary summary manner of lecture composition gives life and interest superior to the essay style. We are sure that these graphic sketches of the notable religious movers of the world will be widely read and enjoyed, in this country as they have been in England and Scotland. Old Blackwood's Magazine is enthusiastic over the volume, and the stern old critic may well be. Sent by mail for \$1.00 by the publishers.

Messrs. Jas. Challen & Son, Philadelphia, have just published a new national work for every American—a *History of Independence Hall*, beautifully printed and illustrated by fine engravings on tinted paper. It will familiarize the sacred mecca to many a distant worshipper.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING

STORE.—We are now receiving our stock of Fall and Winter goods, embracing every thing in our line of business our Stock of Ready Made Clothing is complete and carefully selected, every Garment is warranted to be well made and of good material. We have also a large assortment of Cloths, Casimeres and Vestings which were selected with great care to suit the wants and purses of all classes and which we will make up in a superior manner and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. A call from the public is most respectfully solicited. We take pleasure in showing our goods, feeling confident that they will recommend themselves upon inspection.

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK.

Greensboro, Sept. 1859. 38-1y.

FAIR NOTICE.—Those indebted to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn, & Co., by Note or Account must settle up by the first of September, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.

J. W. DOAK, Sure. Partner.

Aug. 8th 1859. 32-1y.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL.

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks \$30. One dollar for Contingencies is required of each Student in advance.

JOHN E. WHARTON, Principal.

June 20, 1859. 178-1y.

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable percent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.

Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd, 1859.

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THE TIMES commenced its 4th Volume 1st January, 1859, enlarged to EIGHT PAGES, every number illustrated, and printed on an article of fine paper with new Press and Type, thus making it the largest and most beautiful paper published in the SOUTH. The friends of the South should encourage their own Literature and Family Papers, for in THE TIMES they will find none of that impure and immoral reading which they sometimes get from abroad, and which is so injurious to the Family Circle. And we are glad to have it in our power to say friends are rapidly increasing in all the Southern States, who are laboring to give THE TIMES that circulation which the importance of its position demands. THE TIMES is neither Political nor Sectarian, but it is the constant aim of the Editors to fill its 40 columns with the choicest Historical, Literary and Family reading, and with a good selection of all the news of the day, both foreign and domestic.

THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE TIMES commences with the New Year, 1860. Engagements have been made to make this volume by far the most brilliant in the history of THE TIMES. It will commence with

Three Prize Stories Costing \$200, being the three best stories written and put in competition by the writers North and South. Its shorter contributions also will receive additional attention; its Illustrations will be increased; and its typographical appearance will be improved by a still neater dress. The Publishers are determined to keep pace with the improvements of the age; their motto is "PROGRESSION," and as the circulation of THE TIMES enlarges each year, they are determined to add new attractions to its columns. And now with these promises for the New Volume, the Publishers confidently expect a very large increase in its circulation. They make an appeal to their old friends and subscribers, and to those who have heretofore withheld their patronage.

THE TIMES is intended to be read in every Family. Now, friends, let us see what can be done towards this before the beginning of the New Volume. As an additional incentive to this effort we offer the following

BRILLIANT INDUCEMENTS!

To every person sending us five subscribers, we will send a copy of THE TIMES one year gratis; and for every additional five subscribers, we will send any \$3.00 Magazine, or give \$2.00 in cash. These Premiums will be paid to every person sending the subscribers, immediately on the receipt of the names. (Those preferring the \$2.00 for each five subscribers, can retain that amount from the remittance.) This proposition applies to both old and new subscribers.

Extra \$500 in Money.

In addition to the above Premiums, we will award, on the first day of January, \$500 in cash to the 14 persons sending us the largest number of subscribers, provided our friends will so labor as to give us 5000 names by that date. Distributed over all the Southern States, this will be exceedingly easy with a little effort. Who will make an effort to get the following

SPLENDID PREMIUMS:

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Subscribers' names can be sent as obtained, and persons competing for these Premiums, must inform us so that we may keep correct accounts. Specimen numbers and circulars furnished on application.

Address COLE & ALBRIGHT,

Sept. 19, 1859 Greensboro, N. C.

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WM. KNABE & CO'S CELEBRATED PIANOS.

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HAVING SECURED THE AGENCY

FOR the sale of the above unrivalled instruments, we invite the attention of all who may want a FIRST CLASS PIANO (and no other is worth buying) to the fact, and respectfully solicit the most intelligent and critical examination of the instruments now on exhibition. These Pianos have secured more Premiums than any other manufacture. They are fully endorsed by such names in the musical world as Thalberg, Strakoski, Satter, Viennet, besides the most distinguished Professors and Amateurs in the country.

There are hundreds of families in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington: Hon. L. O'B. Branch, S. W. Cole, Esq., Gen. G. M. Leach, Jaro ins Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro', Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolie of Greensboro' Female College &c.

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Gen. Myers, Esq., F. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McKee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood. They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

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W. S. CLARK.

Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 14th, '59.

The San Juan Interglo—Return of the Secretary of War—The death of Senator Broderick—Baltimore Election—Miss Juliana May Agricultural Bureau—Ex Senator Badger.

It is understood that the British Minister, Lord Lyons, has received a peremptory and important despatch from his government, demanding explanations from the Administration of the course of General Harney in the San Juan affair, to which the Secretary of state is now preparing a reply, which will vindicate fully our rights, and doubtless cover the whole ground of the controversy to the satisfaction of the American People. The whole matter is laid before the President. A communication has been received from the British government, through Lord Lyons, requesting that their acknowledgments may be conveyed to Mr. Ward, our Minister to China, and Com. Tatnall, for their friendly conduct at the affair of the Peiho.

The Hon. John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, returned to this City a few days ago, and resumed the duties of his department yesterday; his health is much improved, by his recent sojourn at the Red Sweet (Va.) Springs.

The startling intelligence of the death of Senator Broderick of California, has created a profound sensation here. He was born in this City, of humble parentage, but at an early age was taken to New York, where he soon grew to be a leader among the firemen. Emigrating to California at the first outbreak of the gold fever, his native talents soon placed him foremost in the rude community which he aided in establishing. In the Senate, his course has been always marked by tact, and boldness. He is the first U. S. Senator that has ever fallen in a duel.

The election in our neighboring city, Baltimore, took place on Wednesday last. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the order loving citizens, fraud, and violence reigned supreme in a majority of the wards. The Know Nothing vote has fallen off more than ten thousand since the election last year. In seven out of the twenty wards the reform candidates were elected. In the other wards blood was shed, and ballot boxes destroyed in a style peculiar to the "Plugs."

Miss Juliana May, the celebrated American cantatrice gave a concert here last evening which was attended by the elite of the city and passed off with distinguished success.

The Agricultural Bureau has in preparation an extended circular—almost a treatise—on tea. The tea seed are to be distributed only to those who will enter into agreement to observe the instructions of the Bureau, and unite in the plan on which it proposes to propagate the plants. D. Jay Browne Esq., the well known Chief of this Bureau has been dismissed, and it is supposed by many that the Bureau will shortly be discontinued until Congress shall see fit to make special appropriations for its maintenance. Mr. Browne's friends affect to believe that he resigned but this is a sham that deceives nobody here.

Hon. George E. Badger, the distinguished Ex-Senator from your State, is now in this city, occupied with legal business before the court of claims.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 21st, '59.

The Insurrection at Harper's Ferry—Commercial Statistics—Archbishop Hughes of New York—Dedication of the new Catholic Church—Death of our Minister at Paris—The Weather.

Since my last letter there has been a grand insurrection at Harper's Ferry, about 53 miles from this city. The projectors and actors in it were a band of armed abolitionists from various parts of the Union, with Ossawatimie Brown of Kansas no oricity for their leader. They took possession of the United States Arsenal there, on Monday last, stopped the trains of cars that passed through the town, they also forced arms into the hands of all they met, and set free a number of slaves forcing them into their service, and supplying them with arms, in a word they had full possession of the town to the extreme terror of the inhabitants until the President, who at the first intelligence of the affair, issued orders to Col. Harris, of the U. S. Marine corps, to dispatch all the available force of the barracks (per special train) to the scene of the difficulties; in one hour from the receipt of the order a detachment of marines and non commissioned officers of the corps, under Captain Green, arrived at the railroad depot. The detachment consisted of 81 privates, 11 sergeants, 13 corporals and 1 bugler. They took with them seven guns, Dahlgren howitzers, (three from the Navy Yard and four from the Barracks,) 300 shells, and a large quantity of ammunition. They also had ample supplies for several days' service. Quite a number of gentlemen volunteered to go with the troops but could not be received. The marines were received by the Secretaries of War and Navy, who communicated to Capt. Green his instructions as to his course of action when he should arrive on the spot. Major Russell, of the naval staff, accompanied the marines under instructions from the Secretary of the Navy. When it became known that an anonymous letter had been received by the Secretary of War some two months ago, giving warning of an organized attack to be made simultaneously upon the armory works at Harper's Ferry, Wheeling and Washington, considerable apprehension was felt by the governmental and municipal authorities, and measures instantly taken to the end of extinguishing any possible disturbance that might take place at this point.

Major Brent of this city despatched a requisition to the Secretary of War, who upon receipt thereof issued an order for him to draw on the U. S. Arsenal for two hundred stand of arms and five thousand rounds of ball and buck shot cartridge. The arms was received at the office of Capt. Goddard, Chief of Police, where they were all loaded with cartridge and bayonets fixed. The entire police force was on duty, one half on parade and the other fifty under arms at the City Hall, for action at a moment's warning. Police mounted on horseback were stationed at every outlet of the city, at the bridges, etc., to give instant warning of any hostile demonstrations from outside the city. They were instructed to signalize the first suspicious movement by a certain alarm that had been previously agreed upon at headquarters. Capt. Goddard also instructed the active police force to arrest all colored persons found on the street and search them for concealed weapons, and in case of finding any to take the parties to the watch-house, and if no weapons were found, to send such arrested persons to their homes without delay. Numbers of citizens offered their services to the Mayor, if necessary, the night passed off, however, in a remarkably quiet manner. Gov. Wise of Va. arrived here the next morning en route for the scene of the insurrection with a company of 60 soldiers. There was also a large number of Volunteers sent from Baltimore to Harper's Ferry; when they all arrived there, the insurgents took refuge in the U. S. Armory at Harper's Ferry, and refused to surrender; our troops under command of Col. Robt. E. Lee, stormed the Armory, and forced entrance, taking the rioters prisoners, one of the marines was killed and several wounded, the rioters had taken several of the leading citizens of Harper's Ferry prisoners, they were immediately set at liberty. It is said there were about six of the insurrectionists killed and several wounded, among the latter is their, Capt. Brown, whose son was killed in the affray; it is said that they will all be taken to Va. for trial, they state that they relied greatly on the assistance of the slaves whom they intended to set free, and also that they expected great reinforcements from a large portion of their band who certainly did not arrive in time; this scheme was concocted several months ago in Ohio, it is said; great excitement prevailed in this City last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, both night and day, the telegraph offices were crowded with persons anxious to hear "later from Harper's Ferry." All officials and troops have now returned from the scene of the insurrection and every thing is quiet again.

The State Department expects that the annual commercial statistics submitted to the next session of Congress will be the most interesting document of the kind yet given to the country. The consuls, from whose returns it is prepared, grow each year more familiar with the subjects upon which they are called on to report, and from better material the Department is enabled to make a more thorough and satisfactory report.

Archbishop Hughes of New York dined last Thursday, with the President of the United States, in company with most of the Catholic clergy of this City. The company also included Secretary Cobb, Secretary Floyd and lady, Mrs. Senator Sillid, Maj. Alexander and others.

The new Catholic Church in this City (St. Aloysius) was dedicated last Sunday in the presence of a very large congregation, Archbishop Hughes of New York preached a very eloquent sermon on the occasion. The Church was erected by the Jesuits, and is the finest in this City; it is very large, and on last Sunday was estimated to contain about 5,000 persons, it was crowded to excess; the music by the choir and a full orchestra was fine; the edifice is a very great improvement to the eastern part of the City, and the interior of it is finished off in most beautiful style, it is considered the finest church in the District. The President and his Cabinet were present at the dedication besides several other distinguished personages.

By the steamer North Briton we have the sad news of the death of Hon. John Y. Mason, the American Minister at Paris. He died of apoplexy, of which it will be remembered he had a severe attack a year or so ago.

Mr. Mason was appointed to his post under the Administration of President Pierce, and previously he had been Secretary of the Navy. His qualities of heart as well as mind had endeared him to a very large circle of friends.

There has been a very sudden and uncomfortable change in the weather here since yesterday, it is extremely cold and the wind is very high and strong.

(By an irregularity in the Mails, and not in our correspondents, the Washington and Raleigh letters came one day too late for last week.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., October 17th.

The Science of Aerostation and the Franklin Expeditions, their practical value—Schamyl, the Circassian hero, a star of liberty set—City Items.

Dear Times—We intimated in our last that we might have something to say on the subject of Balloons and, though we feel neither very high nor flighty to day, we proceed to redeem our promise. One of the most remarkable facts connected with the matter is the extraordinary number of lives lost in ascents and descents, to say nothing of the expenditure of time, money and labor and the extreme paucity of valuable or even interesting results. From the earliest dawn of Grecian fable a strange fatality has attended the ascent from the adventurous hero of waxen wing, down to the late lamented Thurston, and except a few abstract scientific deductions, the world has yet to learn any reason why aerostation should be regarded a valuable science. True, there is a very suspicious account of Napoleon having used Balloons in his late campaign and an American genius, it is said, proposed something of the same sort at the siege of Vera Cruz; but it is evident that a chance bullet would in both cases, have caused a very serious destruction of life and property; for a rifle ball could certainly reach them, if they came near enough to be of any service and the same end could easily be obtained by more ordinary means. Look at the recent excursions of Wise and Lamontaigne, where some five or six men barely escaped with their lives; we do not see that their very interesting narratives have enough practical value to make amends for the sacrifice of time and means. The famous Franklin expeditions too are an example, on a large scale, of the point we are trying to make; the several narratives abound with instances of the most determined perseverance, the noblest fidelity, the purest self sacrifice and so far they are valuable, as showing how man may triumph over self and give himself up as a martyr to Science, for the good of his fellows; but can any one of the survivors or the relatives of those whose bones lie fathoms deep in the thick ribbed vaults of eternal ice, can any one say the world is bettered by the loss? rather let us think how much it would have been benefited had they remained on the stage of life, to show forth their enduring courage, their high and holy faith and their undaunted energy! Now that these expeditions are ended, and we hope for ever, and have been proved to be so barren of results, it is time the adventurous spirits should quiet themselves and direct their surplus activity to more fertile fields for we do not think that all the world has gained from the first Arctic expedition to the return of the "Fox" can repay us for the loss of one man Dr. Kane.

The late mails from Europe bring the intelligence that Schamyl, the Circassian hero, who for many long years had successfully resisted all the power of his gigantic neighbor, Russia, exerted to reduce to subjection his native hills, has at last succumbed, captured not in open fight, but betrayed for gold. This soldier-priest and statesman, is one of the most remarkable men of the day; almost alone has he withstood all the arts and arms used against him; oftentimes reduced to the last extremity, his friends scattered, his towns burned, his forts stormed and destroyed and himself hemmed in by a thousand enemies, all thirsting for his blood, he has broken through their toils and while they expected to surprise him, he has fallen on their ranks, like a rock from the hill top and crushed them before they knew of his presence. Russia may advance the civilization of these barbarians and build cities with churches and railroads on these blood stained hills, but the free air of Heaven and the blessed light of Liberty was never shut out from a nobler or more patriotic heart, than that which beats in the bosom of the imprisoned Schamyl; whatever may have been his errors, he certainly fought long and well for what he believed to be the right of his country and the true faith of his church.

Messrs. Holden and Wilson, of the Standard, have dissolved partnership; of course Mr. H. will carry on the paper, which he has so long and so successfully conducted; it is now probably, and mainly through his talents and exertions, the ablest paper in the State. The Oak City Guards were called out last week, to perform the melancholy duty of burying a fellow member, Mr. T. G. Scott; Mr. Scott's family have been fatally afflicted, having lost some five or six of their number, in as many months. There was a small fire at our Gas Works, the other day, damage slight; the new buildings at the Asylum are to be of brick and are nearly completed. A friend informs us that a lady preached at Rev. Mr. Nevill's chapel yesterday; this is a new building, erected by that gentleman for his own use in a most neglected quarter of the city, and we hope it may be a blessing to the neighbors; they need reformation about as much as the Hottentots.

Yours, &c., P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., October 24th.

Dear Times:—Our late State Fair was an entire success; during Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the three important days, the crowd never was so great, nor money so plentiful; on the two days first named the people poured in from the surrounding country at an alarming rate and such an array of quadrupeds and vehicles of all sorts, shapes, sizes and kinds never before has been witnessed in our town. All were accommodated, we believe and every one went away pleased; the ladies express themselves delighted with the multitudes and the cleverness and accomplishments of the beaux and the gentlemen felt deeply the powerful attractions of the belles. The arrangement, though by no means perfect, are still approaching that point and some of these times we expect to do better and better still.

It is out of our power, in a limited sketch like this, to do justice to every article on exhibition and doubtless there were many of superior merit that were not noticed either by the Committees or on the premium list; but to avoid, as far as possible, any reasonable ground of complaint, the Executive Committee have generously resolved that where any meritorious article, not embraced in the list, shall be brought to their notice its merits shall be duly considered and rewarded accordingly. It is much to be hoped that this liberal course will exclude all discontent; it is impossible for any committee so long beforehand to frame a list, embracing every article which may be offered.

Among the most noticeable articles we may mention a fine array of Northern horses, brought out here for sale, and several of which made excellent time around the ring. There was a splendid collection of fruits of various kinds by Westbrook & Mendenhall of your town, and one almost equal from Messrs. Lindley; Messrs. W. & M. received the first class premiums for both fruits and trees; these gentlemen particularly endeavored themselves to many of their visitors by their timely and highly appreciative presents of fruit. Besides these, several gentlemen exhibited fine specimens. These examples show clearly what we can do in the production of fruit, and point emphatically to the "good time coming," when North Carolina will, as she can do, take proud pre-eminence in these luscious products. The display of vegetables was also very good, particularly those by Hege, of Lexington.

It was a great disappointment that Col. Outlaw, the distinguished orator for the occasion, was prevented by the death of his wife, from attending; his oration would doubtless have been worthy of his fame and would largely have swelled the crowd; several eminent gentlemen elegantly did their parts to supply the vacancy. We must not omit to mention the appearance on the ground of the Hillsboro Cadets, under Col. Tew; they excited great attention and a considerable upsurging among the juveniles and the young ladies; success to their gallant commander; we hope he will not cease his exertions until the military spirit, kindled by him, shall inspire our citizens to raise a military company in every county of the State; recent events in Virginia show how suddenly we may need them, and what a firm reliance they are in the hour of danger.

The new President and Executive Committee are all gentlemen of great influence and high standing for liberality and enterprise; their cordial co-operation will work great good for the State and the cause of agriculture, in general. The most important proceedings of the meetings were those connected with the removal of the Fair to Salisbury; at one time some feeling was excited; but happily concord was soon restored, the constitution maintained inviolate and the rights of all parties secured and their wishes gratified; the most effective speeches on the occasion were those of Mr. B. F. Moore, of this City, displaying as they did great legal ability and an anxious desire for the prosperity of the Society. Great credit is also due Mr. W. R. Smith of Halifax, an able debater and a warm friend of the Society from its foundation. But our readers will tire of the Fair, if we keep on, so by way of contrast we turn to the bloody scenes enacted at Harper's Ferry.

Of all the wild freaks enacted by the most foolish of men, this revolution is certainly the maddest; indeed it is conferring on it too much of dignity, to call it a revolution; it is nothing but the wildest insanity; to think of some forty men rising against the Government in the very heart of a populous region, almost within sight of Washington, where 20,000 men, with all the munitions of war could be directed against them in as many hours. All the heroism of Wise's nature seems to have blazed forth in an instant and he took those decided steps, so well

worthy of his name and station; the Government too far once did act with energy and decision. A History of the popular rebellions in the United States would be a very valuable and entertaining book and might teach some lessons to the present generation, which they would do well to remember.

We beg the pardon of the Ladies for having omitted so long some notice of their persevering and successful labors at their Fair; they furnished Bed and Board, in Gaion's Hotel where the Fair was held, to many houseless wanderers, sold a great variety of elegant fancy articles, delighted a great many bachelors by sundry love letters, duly bought and sold and raised over \$500, enough for their laudable purpose. Yours &c., P. S. S.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION. PHILADELPHIA. A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enroll their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give Medical Advice Gratis to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause. Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent free of Charge to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors, GEORGE FAIRCHILD, Sec. June 11—1y.

WASHINGTON HOTEL. Change of Proprietors. Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms. His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES. January 1st.—1y.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST! NEW GOODS at Boone's Boot and Shoe emporium. I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses', Boys', Youths' and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price; Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-Skins, and Shoe findings of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash. J. B. F. BOONE. October, 11. 41-

SOMETHING NEW! Misses', Boys', Youths' and Children's Boots and Shoes with Metallic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make. To be had at BOONE'S. October, 11. 41-

LOOK AT THIS. W. C. BONNELL having purchased the Photographic Gallery, formerly owned by R. L. Donnell, is taking pictures at

Fifty Cents and upwards!!

Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the Public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please he makes NO CHARGE.

Room second Story Garrett's Brick Building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. Greensboro, 1859. 58-1y.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—I desire to sell my House and Lot, situated in a desirable place in Greensboro. Terms reasonable. Enquire immediately of Aug. 20—1f GEORGE M. ADAMS.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1859.

C. C. COLE, Editors and Proprietors.
J. W. ALBRIGHT.

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

F. W. CARTERS, D.D.,
WM. R. HUNTER,
J. STARK BULLOCK,
MR. L. H. SIOGREN,
J. WOODRUFF LARSEN,
S. J. C. WHITTELEY,
MAURICE JANSEN,
WILLIAM E. FARROW,
INA CLAYTON,
C. C. DENE,
ANNA M. DATES,
GRACE MILWOOD,
MR. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
MR. C. HUBBARD,
GRIFFITH J. MCGILL,
and others.

\$200.00 IN PRIZES.

The Publishers of *The Times* propose giving \$200.00 in prizes for the three best Original Stories, scenes laid in America, which may be received by them between this and the 15th of December.

For the best Story.....\$100.00
For the second best..... 50.00
For the third best..... 50.00

These prizes will be awarded the 15th of December, if Stories are received to justify an award. The length of the stories, and the subjects, provided they are of a moral character, will be left to the discretion of the writers. Three impartial judges will make the awards, and to shun all appearance of collusion, manuscripts should be mailed to the publishers of *The Times*, marked "Prize Story," and the name of the writer should be sealed in a separate envelope.

COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Publishers of THE TIMES,
Greensboro', N. C. Sep. 13, 1859.

THE PRESS.

In these days, when the morning paper, still moist from the press, is regarded as an essential concomitant of the breakfast table—when no man is so poor as to be unable to obtain the means of being "posted up" with respect to what is going on around him—and when our courts of law even go to the length of assigning a newspaper as one of the necessities of life, it is difficult to conceive of a time when there were no newspapers—when Madame Rumor, with her hundred tongues, was the only journalist—when no intelligence was reliable, simply because it was nobody's business to ascertain its reliability, and when man knew as little as he cared for the doings of his fellow man. And yet the gigantic influence now exerted by the newspaper press, wherever its voice has not been fettered by undue restrictions, is the growth of a single century. A variety of concurrent events have contributed to hasten this rapid rise of journalism. Contemporaneous with the facilities for diffusing news came the means of obtaining it. Tidings from far off lands flew to the sanctum on the wings of steam—the lightning was taught to do the errands of the age, and flashed submissive over the wires. Short-hand lent its magic phonographs to catch the speakers uttered thoughts, at a time when the value and utility of verbatim reporting had just begun to be appreciated. On the other hand inventive talent had been busy with the mechanical appliances of printing. Paper had become cheap. Every expedient had been devised to economize labor in the composition room. The printing press, in the hands of an American genius, had been transformed into a marvel of mechanism, working with a rapidity, precision and power, that have justly earned for it the admiration of the world.

With such advantages, the journalist

could well afford to print his paper at a price within the reach of all. Its cheapness gained for it popularity—and with popularity came power. The old journals whose dignity forbade them to keep pace with the spirit of the times and which have therefore clung pertinaciously to the prices of a half century ago, have been distanced by their less pretentious, but more enterprising penny rivals; and the indications are, that in a few years, the patronage and favor of the public will be exclusively enjoyed by the latter.

It is all important that the press of the South should awake to a consciousness of the fact that cheapness is a great secret of newspaper success. If northern newspapers are scattered broadcast over the South, diffusing among our people sentiments diametrically opposed to the spirit of Southern institutions, it is because, in general, Southern papers containing a like amount of news are not to be obtained. We trust that this reproach will soon be wiped away. *The Times* has given an example among weeklies—the press of New Orleans is doing much towards bettering the condition of our dailies. Other signs, indicative of a salutary change about to take place, are not wanting. Let the people of the South at once and heartily co-operate with Southern editors in the important work of weeding out from our midst the baneful weekly and daily publications of the North, ere they have finally taken root amongst us—let the patronage hitherto accorded them be distributed among Southern journalists—and let these last strive to vie in enterprise with each other and with the rivals whom they are so justly entitled to displace. Thus, and thus only, can we hope to see at the South a press, at once devoted to our interests, and able effectually to serve them.

RURAL HOMES.

Our people require line upon line; and though we have spoken again and again upon the subject of rural homes—of the inspiring of patriotism and love or home which has its origin in the cheerful exterior appearance and in the comfortable internal arrangements of the dwelling in which we live—yet a few more words may be seasonable, and not without profit.

No person can ever entertain a profound attachment for anything that is positively ugly to the eye, nor feel as if he could settle himself comfortably down for life in the midst of scenes where the comforts are few, and the discomforts are many, and where there is a perpetual consciousness that things are not regulated as they should be. There is, moreover, a moral influence exerted upon all classes of minds, however unambitious in other respects, by the possession of a pleasant home—pleasant not only so far as respects the mutual good feeling which prevails among the various members of the household, but in its more material aspects: in its cosiness, in its adaptation to the purposes for which it was originally designed, and in the fact that it was built intelligently, and forms, naturally, if we may so express ourselves, a part of the landscape which it adorns and beautifies. A square or an oblong wooden building, painted a staring white, with shutters of a vivid green, with yellow or brown doors, and with a roof whose eaves do not project more than a few inches beyond the weather boarding, and whose narrow scrimp-looking porch—if it chances to have any porch at all—scarcely serves to protect the principal entrance from the rain—such a house, by its absolute plainness and glare, and by its utter want of harmony with the surrounding verdure, disfigures the scenery amid which it stands. It is a blotch upon the landscape, and a perpetual memento of the absence of even the first rudiments of correct taste on the part of the individual under whose auspices, and by whose directions it was built.

We are told by Ralph Waldo Emerson, that the architects of those glorious old Gothic cathedrals, which it would task the best skill of modern workmen even to imitate, "built better than they knew;" or, in other words, that

they wrought out in enduring stone, their wonderful conceptions by inspiration; but it may be safely said of those who construct bare houses upon bleak hills, that they build worse than they imagine, and that those who live in such houses more frequently feel as if they were only temporary sojourners there, than as permanent indwellers.

And herein we may discover one of the reasons why the American people are so restless, and nomadic in their habits; why so many of our farmers have a constant yearning for "fresh fields and pastures new," and why their local attachments never take deep root-hold in any particular soil. They drift about from place to place, "seeking rest and finding none," until, at length, old age overtakes them in the midst of their wanderings. This picture may, to some persons, appear overcharged, but it is, nevertheless, true to the letter, in a general sense. Let any man who has an intimate acquaintance with the inhabitants of our rural districts, ascertain for himself how long a certain number of families have held possession of the farms on which they reside, and he will be astonished to learn how short the average tenure has been. Some, in the course of a not very long lifetime, have moved half a dozen times, others two or three times; but the instances will be found rare, indeed, in which the family can be traced back as owners of the same property for three generations. Now it is perfectly clear to any reflecting mind that much of the carelessness and slovenliness which are apparent in all that appertains to farm-houses and farming operations—especially throughout the South and West—arise from the consciousness that no idea of permanent residence is entertained, and where such is the case, every man is disposed to make as much as possible from his land in the shortest period of time, and to do but little towards improving and adorning the homestead, not knowing how soon he may be tempted to sell both. The policy by which he is governed is undoubtedly both shallow and short-sighted; but that such considerations do control the majority of our country people is a fact that is borne out by the experience of every one that is at all acquainted with their social history.

It becomes us to provide a remedy for this unsettled state of things. The architecture of our houses demands attention; and the surrounding plat of ground should receive no less care. For transplanting shade trees, and platting yard and garden immediate attention should be given, and we have made the above remarks as a *seasonable* allusion, hoping the suggestions may be taken in season, that in all our rural districts the daily song may be—

"There's no place like home."

GAS FROM WOOD.

In a recent number of *The Times*, we published the account of a late discovery whereby gas was made from water, thus making a saving of about two thirds of the original costs. This was hailed with delight; but its economical glory is short lived, since there is on exhibition at the Fair of the American Institute, at New York, a process for making gas from wood, which pays its own expenses and yields the gas free. The exhibitor of the "Gas Work" places his wood in a light retort over a furnace and roasts it two hours, driving off the hydrogen and other volatile substances. These are passed through a series of pipes which are in contact with cold water, and which thus condense the tar and pyroligneous acid at one operation. The gas is then passed through successive layers of dry lime to remove the carbonic acid. The apparatus is simple and compact, and the inventor says that he can make gas without any expense whatever, that the charcoal produced is worth more than the wood, and that the pyroligneous acid and tar will sell for enough to pay all the other expenses.

Should our gas company adopt this process, perhaps they may be able to pay us a small dividend to burn the gas out of their way, or at least furnish us gas for nothing.

Interesting to the Cotton Trade!

Some time since a series of Questions with regard to Cotton Packing were addressed by a leading house in St. Louis to one of the oldest and most reliable of Liverpool Cotton firms. These questions elicited the replies given below:

Q.—Is the tare allowed on Cotton baled in India bagging any greater than on that covered with American hemp bagging, if any difference how much?

A.—The canvass makes no difference in the tare, it being the same on both kinds.

Q.—Does Cotton in India bagging arrive in as good order as that covered in American bagging?

A.—Generally not in as good order as the hemp bagging.

Q.—Is the tare on Cotton fixed at a certain per cent. on the gross weight, or is actual tare allowed?

A.—A fixed per centage on all American Cotton, say four per cent., is allowed, except where the Cotton is tied with iron hoops, when the actual weight of the hoops is allowed, and only three per cent. tare is deducted.

Q.—We have been told that India bagging stained the Cotton, and has been objected to on that account. Is this so to any extent?

A.—We have not heard of India bagging being objected to for staining the Cotton. In cases of damage it increases the amount of picking to be taken off, but only to a slight extent.

Q.—Is Cotton baled in India bagging preferred to that covered by American hemp bagging, or vice versa, and why?

A.—American hemp bagging is decidedly preferred. Not being quite so heavy, it gives the spinners the advantage of the tare, and is worth considerably more when taken off the bale than India.

Q.—Is any preference given for Cotton tied up with rope over that fastened with iron; and if so, for what reason?

A.—Buyers never inquire how Cotton is tied, but they would prefer the rope, as they are more valuable to them than iron.

Q.—Do Cotton bales tied with iron arrive in as good order as those tied with rope?

A.—Cotton bound in iron hoops does not generally arrive in as good order as rope; but, there is, perhaps, on the whole, no material difference between them.

Q.—Don't the iron ties damage the Cotton by rust; and if so, is the injury sufficient to cause loss to the owners or raise any objection on the part of the buyers?

A.—Iron ties do not damage the Cotton by rust to any appreciable extent. India bagging is more likely to be injured by them than the American.

FINE TOBACCO:—As the culture of tobacco is spreading in this and adjacent counties, in which but little heretofore had been raised, we must be permitted to speak of a sample, exhibited by Dr. Watson, of Alamance, at the State Fair last week. This is the Dr's second crop, and of his own cure; but it is by far the finest tobacco we ever saw. Not only of a beautiful yellow color, but of a light silky texture. It is rich.

The premium list for the Fair in Newbern, has been printed. It is a very imposing one. The premiums will compare well with those offered at the State Fair. We return our thanks to the secretary for a ticket of admission to all the privileges of the society. The Fair comes off the 8th, 9th and 10th of November.

The earnings of the Atlantic and N. C. Rail Road, the President says, have exceeded the expenses of running \$5000 per month, for some months past.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, of this State, meets in Raleigh on the 7th of December next.

William and Mary College.

The Virginia papers announce that the venerable College of William and Mary, which was destroyed by fire last winter, has been re-built, and is now ready for the reception of students. It is additionally gratifying, too, to know that its reconstruction has been thorough, and that the new edifice presents a greatly improved appearance, both in its exterior facades and internal arrangements. The old pile now exhibits, in its modernized form, attractions which more than compensate for the damage which it sustained from the devouring element. It has more than gained, in architectural beauty and bettered accommodations, what it has lost in other respects, and but for the destruction of its fine collection of rare and valuable books, there would be now no occasion for serious regret on account of the disaster which befel it.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES

Leave me Alone

BY INA CLAYTON.

When I am sad
Then leave me alone,
For the heart that is glad
Imparts no joy to my own.

Words kindly spoken
Come like a balm,
But the heart that's broken
Needeth a calm.

When reviewing the past
We find no delight,
When despair has cast
O'er the spirit a blight.

Then there is no relief
Unless 'tis to grieve on,
Be there no joy in grief
Then the heart is forlorn.

Emancipation of the African Race.

"There is no blinking the truth.—Years of bitter experience—years of hope deferred, of self devotion unrequited, of humiliation, of prayers unanswered, of sufferings derided, of insults unresented, of contumely patiently endured, have convinced us of the truth. It must be spoken out, loudly and energetically, despite the wild mockings of 'howling cant.'—The freed West India negro slave will not till the soil for wages; the free son of the ex-slave is as obstinate as his sire. He will cultivate lands which he has not bought for his own yams, mangoes and plantains. These satisfy his wants; he does not care for yours. Cotton, and sugar, and coffee, and tobacco—he cares little for them. And what matters it to him that the Englishman has sunk his thousands and tens of thousands on mills, machinery and plant, which now totter on the languishing estate that for years has only returned beggary and debts. He eats his yams and sniggers at 'Backra.'

"We know not why this should be; but it is so. The negro has been bought with a price—the price of English taxation and English toil. He has been 'redeemed from bondage' by the sweat and travail of some millions of hard-working Englishmen. Twenty millions of pounds sterling—one hundred millions of dollars—have been distilled from the brains and muscles of the free English laborer, of every degree, to fashion the West Indian negro into a free and independent laborer. 'Free and independent' enough he has become, God knows; but laborer he is not; and so far as we can see, never will. He will sing hymns and quote texts, but honest, steady industry, he not only detests but despises. We wish to Heaven that some people in England—neither government people, nor parsons, nor clergymen—but some just minded, honest-hearted and clear sighted men, would go out to some of the islands—say Jamaica, Dominica, or Antigua—not for a month or three months, but for a year—would watch the precious *protege* of English philanthropy, the freed negro, in his daily habits; would watch him as he lazily plants his little squatting; would see him as he proudly rejects agricultural or domestic service, or accepts it only at wages ludicrously disproportionate to the value of his work. We wish, too, they would watch him while, with a hide thicker than that of a hippopotamus and a body to which fervid heat is a comfort rather than an annoyance, he drowsily lounges over the prescribed task on which the intrepid Englishman, unimpaired to the burning sun, consumes his impatient energy and too often sacrifices his life. We wish they would go out and view the negro in all the blazonry of his idleness, his pride, his ingratitude, contemptuously sneering at the industry of that race which made him free, and then come home and teach the memorable lesson of their experience to the fanatics who have perverted him into what he is.—*London Times*.

A DANGEROUS ADULTERATION.—A teaspoonful of castor oil procured at a drug store in Newark, N. J., was administered, a few days since, to a child, who was thrown into paroxysms, followed by an unusually profound slumber, and state of insensibility for three or four hours. The mother, who was of course greatly alarmed, inspected the oil and was alarmed by the smell of liquor in it, she applied to the druggist who admitted that he had adulterated the oil for the purpose of making a profit from it.

An analysis was subsequently made, in which it was found that the oil was nearly half alcohol of the strongest grade—for only the most powerful will mix with oil. In reply to a physician who remonstrated with him against such a practice, the druggist said he was not aware that alcohol was a stimulant—but added that he had "sent the rest of it away into the country where it would not be heard from!" It is believed that an ordinary dose of this disguised poison would have produced a fatal effect on the infant.

PRESBYTERIANS.—Ten years ago the Presbyterian churches in North Carolina gave \$2,604 in contributions; this year they gave \$15670.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
The Rejected Ring.

TO S. F. H.

He bade me wear a ring to think
Of him—a circled band of gold
To clasp upon the hand he loves—
The hand he loves to hold—
O, image of my heart, the ring would come
Between
And cast the darkest shadow o'er my waking
dreams.

The halo round my heart
Is bright as angel's dreams in heaven—
As music from a seraph's harp
Or hopes of heaven are given—
Then ask me not to wear that ring of gold
For it casts the shadow on my heart—O, Love
untold.

"Wouldst tell a tale, to hear—
Death's door be darkened o'er—
Angel's smiles be turned to tears
And seraph's harps be hushed in fear;
But the love I cannot wear, ever rests within
my heart
Dearest, truest, best—O, let it ne'er depart.
LELA.

The Little Insurgent,
AN EPISODE OF THE WARS OF
LA CHOUANNERIE.

Translated for "The Times" from the French.

BY E. M. ALLEN.

CHAPTER III.
LE REGENT.

THAT same night, at about one o'clock in the morning, M. de Thelouars was startled by alarming news. The insurgents were quartered at the chateau de K—, three leagues from Ploermel. They numbered nearly three hundred, and among them were the two sons of the Marquis de Graives. They had held council until midnight! Armand had just thrown himself on the bed, when one of the men belonging to his wife's retinue, arrived; the escort was scattered; and no one knew what had become of Madame de Thelouars.

Almost at the same moment, a messenger from M. de Silz announced the departure from Vannes of a detachment of a hundred men, marching toward Gacilly. Armand felt that this last event would render Henriette's position very dangerous, nor was he the only one to experience this feeling. Janet Legoff, who was lying on a camp-bed in one corner of the chamber, sprang to his feet and silently put on his vest, which he had taken off to sleep. Notwithstanding his pre-occupation, M. de Thelouars observed this movement.

"What are you going to do, Janet?" he said.

"Somebody must go and search," replied Janet in the most simple manner in the world.

"It wants a man for that, my boy." "I do not deny it. Send a man, monsieur, he will seek, but I will find—if you will permit me."

M. de Thelouars was very fond of Janet Legoff, and knew him to be a brave and intelligent lad. He allowed him to saddle a horse and depart; but, scarcely reassured by this measure, he sent his people in different directions, to his chateau, to Cournon, to Rieux, and even to Redon, with orders to gain information, and return immediately to K—.

During this time, as we have seen, the chateau de Graives, of which M. de Thelouars had scarcely thought, and which contained poor Henriette, had been surrounded by two republican detachments. The first, which had been described by M. de Silz as coming from Vannes, was commanded by captain Jolly, and the other from Redon was led by citizen Lieutenant Morest. Each of these detachments was accompanied by one of those problematical individuals, part soldiers and part police agents, who call themselves representatives of the people when they follow an army or a fleet, and who in an inferior rank have no title whatever. The wretches represented admirably the government of those days, in engendering evil, and endeavoring to prevent good. They were disliked by the soldiers, nor did the soldiers like the Convention any better. It may be said, however, that notwithstanding this shameful assembly, the French glory shone, in these unhappy times, with a splendor that the empire could scarcely surpass.

The two individuals of whom we speak, were then, representatives on a small scale, cube-roots of the members of the convention, extracts of rascality, in fact, if we may be allowed the term, to characterize the foulest position that can be held by man.

The one who came from Vannes was called Bertin, he of Redon rejoiced in the name of Thomas. They were both men of a certain age, with countenances that might be called insignificant, were it not that they revealed their low instincts of rapine and cruelty. It is needless to say that they had the effective direction of the expedition.

Under the Republic, in fact, an epoch of incredible tyranny, the military chief commanded only when there were balls or bullets to receive.

Citizen Thomas and citizen Bertin were not well pleased at meeting each other. The presence of citizen Thomas seemed entirely useless to citizen Bertin, while citizen Thomas regarded the coming of citizen Bertin as a pure superfluity.

The chateau de Graives contained a treasure, and the public voice went so far as to say that the celebrated diamond, formerly of the crown, the *Regent*, was concealed there; but this treasure, what ever it might be, would decrease considerably in being divided. Our two citizens were well enough versed in logic to admit the last supposition without controversy.

Now, it was highly necessary that the pro-consul of Vannes should have his part; the representative of Redon must have his, without speaking of the commissioners of Paris. Now, this was a most lamentable state of affairs; Bertin had intended to divide only with his *chef de file* of Vannes, and with the superior agents of Paris and the Republic; now he found himself obliged to share with Thomas, who had behind him identically the same succession of hands always open to take, always firmly closed to make restitution. You may judge whether Bertin and Thomas were likely to look on each other with a friendly eye.

As for the two military chiefs to whom a year's payment was due, as for their soldiers who were without shoes, they sought the treasure as a cash-boy of the bank handles a memorandum-book. The destination of this treasure was of little consequence to them; they were instruments from head to foot; they were made use of in those times like a well tempered blade, equally ready for heroic actions and for robbers on the highway.

On entering the chateau, Bertin and Thomas shook, like a couple of water-spaniels, their grotesque caps and the faded drapery of their tri-colored scarfs, reciprocally throwing on each other not very amiable glances. Then, having unbuckled the belts of their inoffensive swords, so as to be more at ease, they proceeded to visit the manor. Another disappointment, the manor was empty. The principal door once forced, no obstacle opposed their progress. It was a very bad sign. The chateau was abandoned, without a doubt, and perhaps, the treasure carried away.

"Citizen," said Lieutenant Morest to his representative, "we have been anticipated."

Captain Jolly said the same to his attendant. This common vexation brought the two rivals together for a moment. They consulted, and the result of their conference was to order a renewal of the search.

"Courage, citizens!" exclaimed Bertin; "the old wolf is concealed somewhere, and I take up myself, in the name of the Republic—one and undivided—to promise a pair of new shoes to the defender of the country who will discover this vile enemy of the public welfare."

The defenders of the country did not have a pair of shoes given to them every day. This generous promise re-animating their ardor, they precipitated themselves into the deserted galleries of the chateau. Toward the break of day, after having unsuccessfully ransacked every nook and recess, they thought they were on the trail at last. A soldier remarked that the outer wall of the eastern wing was of an unusual thickness. They set to work immediately. Spades and pick axes were brought to bear, and, notwithstanding the solidity of that ancient masonry, the work advanced rapidly. But the *cachette* occupied only one story; it was right in the centre of the wall; like those holes, opened by fermentation, in the massive cheeses of Parma. In order to strike it, it was necessary to pierce neither too high nor too low. They pierced too low.

There was, however, a moment when the sappers approached so closely to the secret chamber that the concussion awoke the deadened senses of the old Marquis de Graives. It was then that he arose to place near him the barrel and the match.

The soldiers labored, conducted by the captain and the lieutenant. Neither citizen Bertin nor citizen Thomas were there to guide them. What, then, had become of these worthy upholders of equality? Had they descended to the cellars, in order to wet their virtuous whistles with anti-revolutionary liquor? We do not pretend to assert that they were incapable of such an action; but for the time being they had, in truth, quite another idea in their heads. They had been told that the *Regent*, formerly a diamond of the crown, was concealed at Graives; they wanted to find the *Regent*.

"If I find it," said citizen Bertin, "I'll hide it under my arm-pit."

"If the Supreme Being allows me to put my hand on it," thought citizen Thomas, "I'll swallow it like a plum."

They thought of the joy of their spouses and of the carnagnoles of satin with which these worthy citizens would henceforth array themselves at the solemnities of the guillotine.

Our two miniature representatives commenced hunting, then, each on his own part, thinking a little less of the Republic than of the Cham of Tartary, and promising a waxen-taper to the goddess of Reason in case their search should be successful. In hunting they both had

the same idea, which confirms the famous saying that, "great minds run in the same channel." Citizen Bertin who happened to be on the ground floor rapped his forehead; citizen Thomas who was on the roof, executed the same gesture, a certain indication of the birth of an idea, and both went out, one by the door of the court and the other by the door of the garden. Arriving at the foot of opposite stair cases, they described two concentric curves, whose arcs would necessarily join each other. This manoeuvre brought them to the gable of the eastern wing opposite the place where the soldiers were working in the interior, and directly under the loop-hole, that ventilated the secret chamber.

This was their calculation. They both had observed, during the preliminary examination on the outside, which is always made by those versed in the science of house-searching, an examination which gives the whole plan of the localities, both, we say had observed a little, low door, worm-eaten, apparently condemned, and on which were growing, the hairy shoots of the ivy. This little door seemed to have not been used for an age, but a place of concealment is not used every day; if there was a hiding-place, this door might communicate with it directly or indirectly.

Now, the laborers kept up an infernal clatter and it was very probable that the old Marquis, frightened, would try to escape by this way,—supposing, of course, that there was a *cachette* and that the old Marquis had sought shelter there.

This reasoning, all will agree, was not very bad, the two premises were worth something; the conclusion, alone, was at fault; the postern, in fact, communicated only with the ancient arsenal of the chateau, where were rusting side by side, two old culverins and three or four dozen revolving arquebuses.

Be that as it may, citizen Bertin and citizen Thomas, leaving the defenders of the country to continue their work of devastation, installed themselves under the thick covert of the park, about twenty steps apart, and without seeing each other. They eagerly kept their eyes on the postern, expecting each moment to see it open and give passage to a feeble old man who would allow himself to be despoiled and assassinated without resistance.

The door did not open, but while our two friends were obstinately keeping watch, the lower branches of the trees were slightly agitated and a step, quick and bounding as that of a deer, was heard under the covert: citizen Bertin thought he was alone; citizen Thomas thought the same. They both pricked up their ears and endeavored to pierce with their eyes the density of the thicket. They saw nothing but a boy, a charming boy with a gentle and timid face, who was casting a melancholy look on the chateau.

The boy also, thought he was alone.—He approached the wall and leaned with a distracted air against the postern.

"If I cannot find her," he murmured. Then, with the versatility of his age, he gave his mind, apparently, to other thoughts, for a sudden gaiety seemed to spread over his face, and he began to sing the famous Morbihannese pot pourri which we mentioned in the last chapter.

It was Janet Legoff who was strolling around the country in search of his young mistress. When Madame de Thelouars came to the loop-hole and pronounced his name for the first time, Janet seized only a vague and inarticulate sound, for the sides of the loop-hole disposed in the shape of a funnel, arrested the sound on its passage and threw it back into the interior; the second time, he heard it distinctly but on account of the acoustic effect which we have just mentioned, he did not recognize the voice of his mistress and looked all around him saying:

"Who calls?"

At these words, our two functionaries trembled. They thought they were discovered, and as usual, their first feeling was that of fear. But it was only a child! They were reassured, taking care however to cock their pistols.

Janet trembled in his turn, bounded forward like a young fawn and disappeared lightly behind the trees.

But he did not go far. He had already visited the manor of Lanno-Carhoet and the surrounding mansions. Nowhere had he been able to obtain news of his young mistress. On his way he had learned that the *Blous* had halted at the chateau de Graives, and, scarcely knowing why, he had directed his course thither. This unknown and mysterious voice which called him by name, set him to thinking. He glided from tree to tree, under the dense foliage of the park, and wandered around the chateau. At first he saw nothing to dispel his uncertainty. All the doors were open, but every where on the interior were to be seen the uniforms of the soldiers; to try to enter would have been useless folly. Janet, forced to remain at a distance, hesitated, and was already asking if it would not be better to search elsewhere, when his glance turning toward the ground, discovered on the sod, softened by the night's rain, the traces of a horse's shoe. He bent down eagerly. The traces were double: they were at first those of a palfrey, lightly imprinted, but irregularly

made, and mingled with frequent slides on the moist clay; further on were the deeper marks of the firm and sure steps of a mule.

Janet sprang up with a bound. A lively red covered his cheek. His eyes sparkled with intelligence and joy. He darted across the park and gained a little eminence where he had tied his horse. "It is she! oh! it must be she!" he exclaimed.

Boy hood in general is not irresolute, because it does not reflect. To employ an almost proverbial expression, it suspects nothing, but Janet was not like others of his age. As he was about to put spurs to his horse, his eye turned pensively toward the chateau de Graives the lowest windows of which he could perceive, from his elevated position, above the tops of the trees.

"If she were not there," he thought. And the idea of the responsibility which he assumed, and of the evil which a false or presumptuous indication might cause, crossed his mind and suddenly cooled his ardor. An error might in fact lead astray the succor, and render mortal the danger of Henriette and her son, who was, perhaps, at this moment on the point of falling into the hands of their cruel enemies.

A white object appeared against the black surface of the wall and attracted the attention of Janet. The object moved. Janet looked around him and soon became convinced that the white object was immediately above the place where he had heard his name called a short time before. In place of galloping away, he cautiously descended the hillock and glided again under the covert.

This object was Henriette's hand, she had perceived him on the rising ground, and was calling to him as a last hope.—The poor woman had heard him depart with agony, and, despairing of making herself heard, she tore a leaf from her tablets, on which she hastily traced a few words. The sight of the Marquis de Graives who, still mute and immovable as a bronze statue, seemed to have forgotten her presence and was absorbed in the expectation of death, almost froze her blood.

Without speaking of her vague hope and rather to isolate herself from the cold visage of the old man, the real personification of death, Henriette returned to the loop-hole and tried to pass her head through the opening in order to see to the bottom of the wall. The opening was a great deal too small, but the stones, loosened by the action of time, adhered but feebly together; Henriette succeeded in detaching one which fell to pieces in the interior. Then she was able to lean out and look around her. Immediately underneath her, a thick dome of branches hid the ground; to the right and left were two clear spaces. Through one she saw citizen Bertin; through the other citizen Thomas. Both had their necks stretched forward and were devouring the postern with their eyes.

"Poor Janet," thought the young woman, "they will kill him."

And yet the instinct of self preservation and maternal love, did not permit her to reject this last chance of safety.—She heard the light step of the lad, and had no the courage to warn him that two men were there, concealed—two enemies.

Janet still advanced. Madame de Thelouars wrapped a fragment of stone in her billet in order that it might pierce the arch of leaves, and let it fall.

The effect was such as she did not expect.

A double cry resounded: citizen Bertin and citizen Thomas sprang forward at once.

"The *Regent*," they said at the same time.

They met over the billet, which was lying on the ground, and looked at each other with astonishment. Then their eyes illuminated, and for the first time in their lives undoubtedly, their hands instinctively and willingly sought the handles of their swords.

"Stop," violently exclaimed citizen Bertin, "this diamond is mine."

"Thou liest!" cried Thomas, who covered the billet with his naked sword, "neither thou nor any one else shall touch it."

"We shall see!"

The attack commenced, each endeavoring to overcome the other by treachery, and thinking less, notwithstanding his passionate avidity, of striking his adversary than of protecting his own precious body.

The supposed diamond remained between them like a prize awaiting the victor.

But, in the thickest of the battle, a child, a sylph, passed under their crossed swords with the rapidity of an arrow, bent down, arose and disappeared.

"The *Regent*," the two antagonists clamored together, lowering their swords. The billet was no longer there.

Citizen Bertin and citizen Thomas brought together by this catastrophe, precipitated themselves on the traces of the ravisher. They arrived in time to see him mount his horse and depart on a fast gallop.

Henriette also, with clasped hands and eyes turned toward Heaven, saw her young rescuer take the direction of Ploermel.—

While she wept for gratitude in thanking God, and the two citizens were tearing out their hair in concert, the latter had the mortification of hearing in the distance, the voice of the Little Insurgent which, clear, silvery and mocking, sent back to them, in shape of an adieu, the third couplet of his strange song.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
BLOWING HOT AND BLOWING COLD.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We live in an age of mysteries and contradictions—one moment all smiles, and the next all frowns. Let me tell you, dear reader, an old fable:

"A Satyr, who was travelling through a dreary forest in the winter, came to a cottage and feeling cold and weary, begged leave to enter and warm himself by the fire. The permission was readily granted, and the shaggy stranger was soon making himself comfortable beside the blazing hearth. Presently one of the inmates entered the room, and began to blow his fingers. The Satyr, curious to know the reason of this, asked him, 'why he did so?' 'I do it,' replied the man, 'to warm my hands—they are almost frozen.' Soon afterwards some porridge was served up by the mistress, and as they took it from the platters, they all began to blow the smoking mess. 'Ah!' said the Satyr, 'is your porridge cold, too?' 'Cold,' said the man, who had before spoken—'no, I blow it because it is too hot.' 'Then it is time for me to leave,' said the Satyr, 'for I cannot endure people who blow hot and cold with the same breath.'"

The moral is plain—have no communication with *double dealers*. How often do we meet with good, kind, dear obliging friends who proffer us assistance to-day, we forget it to-morrow, who are always condoling with, yet always forgetting our sufferings, who, in fact, blow hot and cold.

"Did you read the Herald, to-day? capital editorial that on Black Republicanism," says John Smith.

"Well, now, I looked upon it," replies his friend, "as a tame affair, showing a want of sense."

"To be sure, when I come to examine it more closely, I believe you are right," chimed in Smith, in deference to the opinions of his rich friend.

Take another illustration of our fable. Jones and his lady-love go to the opera, "splendid girl, that," says Jones to his dulcena, as he points out the young lady in question.

"Lor, Jake, do you think so?" pouts his companion. "I believe she is rather plain, now that I have a good look at her," replies her lover. Thus we go—hot and cold in the same breath.

"Ah!" exclaims Jonathan Noodle, gazing at the new cupola upon our State House; "that is indeed a splendid piece of art—in fact, I may say the perfection of architecture. Brown deserves all the money he gets, he is a genius."

"Brown!" interposes his friend, "you mistake, it was Thompson who designed and executed that work."

"Thompson—Thompson—well—on closer examination I see quite a number of defects—the opening is rather narrow, and the proportions are not correct. To tell the truth, however, Thompson never did produce anything of any great merit."

So, gentle reader, wags the world—all blowing hot and cold in the same breath—let us, therefore, make an encroachment upon this abuse, and give the cold shoulder to all those who are not honest and candid—for of all the mean, contemptible, despicable, specimens of humanity, they who blow hot and cold, take the precedence.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

BY INVALID.

Of all the gifts of Heaven,
Earth's pilgrimage to cheer,
None takes the sting from suffering,
Nor dries the mourner's tear,
Like words of sympathy.

When chastened with affliction,
Or keenly wrung with grief;
No cordial so soothes us,
Or brings such sure relief,
As words of sympathy.

When cherished friends forsake us,
To grope alone in gloom;
No flower in nature's garden,
Emits such sweet perfume,
As words of sympathy.

And when our footsteps wonder,
In the flowery paths of sin;
No tempting e'er allures us,
So surely back again,
As words of sympathy.

Elem Cottage, Va.

A JOKE FOR THE LADIES.—An editor of a paper lately informed his readers that the ladies always pull off their left stocking last. This, as may be supposed, created some stir among his fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they insisted that he had no business to know it, even if such were the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proves it, however, by a short argument. "When one stocking is pulled off, there is another left on; pulling off this is taking the left stocking off last."

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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To Newspaper Dealers.

The Publishers of THE TIMES will make very liberal terms with Newspaper Dealers throughout the South for supplying them with copies of THE TIMES for 1860. Dealers are respectfully solicited to send us their names, and in return we will send circulars on terms.

The Fair.

We had the pleasure of attending the State Fair in Raleigh last week only one day, and yield an account of what was said, seen and done to our intelligent and faithful correspondent, who knows whereof he speaks. The railroad accommodations were ample, and everything seemed to pass off very agreeably.

Rev. E. W. Caruthers, DD.

The lecture advertised for last Friday night, by Dr. Caruthers, before the Greene Monument Association, was delivered in the Methodist church, on the "Life and Character of General Greene." In noticing the lecture, we feel entirely incapable of doing it justice, since Dr. Caruthers so far surpassed even what he was thought to be able to do by his personal friends. For beauty of conception; of composition and language we have but seldom ever heard the lecture equalled.

The analysis of the character of General Greene showed that the lecturer had thoroughly studied and was perfectly acquainted with the events of his life, his personal and public services—making him but a shade below "The Father of his Country, who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The character and services of General Greene have never been fully appreciated. There was no man connected with Washington who as fully possessed his confidence or who was so often entrusted with difficult and important missions. His whole life and property were sacrificed in the cause of his country.

The lecturer pictured these services and sacrifices in most beautiful and feeling language, and concluded by saying, though Congress had passed a resolution appropriating funds for the erection of a monument to his memory, yet it had never been executed, and it was not even known where in peace his body rested.

It would be a treat seldom enjoyed if the citizens of every town in our State could prevail upon Dr. Caruthers to repeat his lecture before them. We are not able to say whether such an arrangement could be effected, yet it is worth an effort, and we would be pleased if it could be made.

The subscription for the Monument amounted to over \$600 for the week.

CONTRIBUTORS.—We are pleased to see a renewed energy in our contributors as the lovely Indian Summer days are ushered in.

The Governor of South Carolina has appointed Thursday, the 24th of November, as a day of Thanksgiving.

Dr. THOMAS HAMILTON, aged 70 years, who stood at the head of the medical profession in the Cherokee counties, died at Rome, Ga., Sunday morning 16th.

HIGH PRICES.—The Edgefield (S. Ca.) Advertiser says:

Negro men have recently sold in this market at \$2000 apiece, and women proportionately high. Planters from Louisiana, who know the value of negroes, were the purchasers.

An Insurrection at Harper's Ferry, Va.

The whole country has been astounded at the insurrectionary movement last week at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. The daily press has been filled with rumors, items and detail, almost to the exclusion of everything else. Most of our readers we presume therefore, are posted ere this, and we shall content ourselves with a brief summary.

Harper's Ferry is on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac river, where the united stream breaks through the Blue Ridge, 160 miles north of Richmond, and 53 miles northwest of Washington City. It contains four or five churches, several manufactories and flouring mills, a United States Army, in which about 250 hands are employed, producing, among other articles, some 10,000 muskets annually; and a national arsenal. In the latter are continually stored from \$0,000 to \$90,000 stand of arms. Population 4000.

WHO ORIGINATED IT.

The principal originator of the insurrection, and the chief leader, was undoubtedly Capt. John Brown, whose connection with the scenes of violence and border warfare in Kansas then made his name familiarly notorious to the whole country. Capt. Brown made his first appearance in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry more than a year ago, accompanied by his two sons, the whole party assuming the name of Smith. Capt. Brown's chief aid was John E. Cook, a comparatively young man, who has resided in and near Harper's Ferry for some years. These two men, with Brown's two sons, were the only white men connected with the insurrection that had been seen about the Ferry. All were brought by Capt. Brown from a distance, and nearly all had been with him in Kansas.

BROWN'S STATEMENT.

"I will be sixty years old next month. I rented the Kennedy farm six months ago. It belongs to Dr. Kennedy of Sharpsburg, Md.; had paid the rent up to March next. I never had over twenty-two men at any one time at that farm, who belonged to my regular organization, but I had good reason to expect reinforcements from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina and Canada, (negroes and white men,) and had arms enough on the farm to arm about fifteen hundred men—not quite full. The arms consisted of two hundred revolvers, two hundred Sharpe's rifles, and one thousand spears. I left these arms at the farm. We had plenty of powder and fixed ammunition. We brought all the arms from time to time from the East to Chambersburg, Pa., and they were there packed in double boxes, so as to deceive the parties who hauled them to the farm. They were directed to J. Smith & Sons, Kennedy farm, that being the name we had assumed."

OBJECT OF THE INSURRECTION.

Among the effects found at Brown's house were a large number of printed copies of a Constitution for a Provisional Government of the United States. This Constitution shows that servile insurrection was fully contemplated, and an insane hope entertained that the movement would be formidable enough to withstand opposition and to accomplish the extinction of slavery. A Commander in Chief, Secretary of War, and members of Congress, had been appointed under its provisions.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE OUTBREAK.

The first active movement in the insurrection was made about half-past ten o'clock on Sunday night. Wm. Williams, watchman on Harper's Ferry bridge, whilst walking across towards the Maryland side was seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner and must come with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the men, and knowing them treated the matter as a joke, but enforcing silence they conducted him to the armory which he found already in their possession. He was retained till after daylight and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williams at midnight, found the bridge lights all out, and immediately was seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers stumbling over the track he escaped.

The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Col. Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slave owner, living about four miles from the Ferry. A party headed by Cook proceeded there, roused Col. W. and told him he was a prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the houses, took a carriage and horse and a large wagon with two horses.

From Col. Washington's they proceeded with him a prisoner in his carriage, and 12 of his negroes in the wagon, to the house of Mr. Allstadt, another large farmer on the same road. Mr. Allstadt, and his son, a lad of sixteen, were taken pris-

oners, all their negroes within reach forced to join the movement, and they returned to the Armory at the Ferry. All these movements seem to have been made without exciting the slightest alarm in the town, nor did the detention of Capt. Phelps' train at the upper end of the town attract attention. It was not until the town thoroughly waked up and found the bridge guarded by armed men, and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people found they were prisoners. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of the insurrectionists at once magnified from fifty, which was probably their greatest force, including the slaves forced to join, to from five to six hundred. In the meantime, a number of the workmen knowing nothing of what had occurred, entered the Armory, and were instantly taken prisoners, until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined.

This was the condition of things at daylight, Monday morning, about which time Capt. Cook with two white men, and accompanied by thirty slaves and taking with them Col. Washington's large wagon, went over the bridge and struck up the mountain road toward Pennsylvania, it was then believed that the large wagon was used to convey away the Paymaster's safe, containing \$17,000 in government funds, and also that it was filled, with Minie rifles taken out to supply other bands in the mountains who were to come down upon Harper's Ferry in overwhelming force. These suppositions both proved untrue as neither money nor arms were disturbed.

BEGINNING OF THE FIGHT.

As the day advanced, and the news spread around, and people came into the Ferry, the first demonstrations of resistance were made to the insurrectionists. A guerilla warfare commenced, chiefly led on by a man named Chambers, whose house commanded the Armory yard. Several men were shot, and the insurrectionists finding a disposition to resist them withdrawn within the Armory grounds leaving only a guard on the bridge. About noon the Charlestown troops, under command of Col. Robert W. Taylor, arrived, crossing the Potomac river some distance up and marching down the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge. Firing a volley they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists who retreated rapidly down toward the Armory. The Shepherdstown troops next arrived, marching down the Shenandoah side and joining the Charlestown force at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, resulting in the loss of several lives on both sides.

SHARP FIGHTING COMMENCES.

At this time a general charge was made down the street from the bridge towards the Armory gate by the Charlestown and Shepherdstown troops and the Ferry people. From behind the armory wall a fusillade was kept up and returned by the insurrectionists from the Armory buildings. While this was going on, the Martinsburg levies arrived at the upper end of the town, and entering the Armory grounds by the rear, made an attack from that end. This force was largely composed of the railroad employees gathered from the tonnage trains at Martinsburg, and their attack was generally spoken of as showing the greatest amount of fighting pluck exhibited during the day. Dashing on, firing and cheering, and gallantly led by Captain Albertus, they carried the building in which the Armory men were imprisoned and released the whole of them. They were, however, but poorly armed some with pistols and others with shot guns, and when they came within range of the engine house, where the elite of the insurrectionists were gathered, and were exposed to their rapid and dexterous use of Sharp's rifles, they were forced to fall back, suffering pretty severely.

A guerilla warfare was maintained during the rest of the day, resulting in the killing of three of the insurgents and the wounding of a fourth.

During the afternoon a sharp little affair took place on the Shenandoah side of the town. The insurrectionists had also seized Hall's rifle works, and a party of their assailants found their way in through the mill race and dislodged them. In this rencounter it was said that three of the insurrectionists were killed, but only one dead body, that of a negro was found on that side of the city. Night by this time had come on and active operations ceased. Guards were placed around the Armory and every precaution taken to prevent escape.

THE CAPTURE.

The insurgents having retreated into and barricaded the armory, they remained in safety until after the arrival of the marines from Washington, when refusing to surrender, the door was battered down, the armory stormed and the insurgents taken prisoners. Three of the insurgents were killed and several wounded; also one of the marines was killed and two wounded.

THE RETRIBUTION.

As far as ascertained, only eighteen whites and five free negroes were engaged in the insurrection, and of these over fifteen are killed or wounded, only two or three making their escape. All of Brown's sons are dead, and he is wounded but it

is thought will recover. The prisoners have been committed to jail and will in a few days be tried by the laws of Virginia, Governor Wise agreeing with Mr. Ould, United States District Attorney, that he might then institute proceedings against all who had escaped.

Of rumors, there are a thopsand and one, offsprings of excited minds, and too conflicting to have very great weight; all things are in a fair way to settle down soon, and then a more correct summary may be relied upon.

Mrs. C. N. McAdoo will accept our thanks for a basket of extra large potatoes.

MARRIED.

Mr. J. J. HEATH, of Union county, N. C., and Miss HESTER C. PATTERSON, late of Spartanburg, S. C., in Cleveland county, N. C., 11th October.

Mr. ROBERT H. PORTER of Lancaster, S. C., and Miss LAURA C. PATTERSON, late of Georgia, in Cleveland county, N. C., 11th Oct.

Mr. JAMES P. PARKER and Miss ANN BIRD, in Anson county, 18th October.

Mr. ADOLPHUS DOSTER and Miss ELIZABETH JANE, daughter of James Alexander, York District, S. C., 13th October.

Mr. C. A. W. BARHAM and Miss A. G. BALLARD (the accomplished Grace Millwood), both of Goldsboro, 18th October.

LYNDON SWAIN, Esq., County Court Clerk of Guilford, and Miss BELLA LOGAN, both of Greensboro, 25th October.

DIED.

In Charlotte, on the 24th inst., ELLINE, infant daughter of John M. and E. C. Springs. In Mecklenburg county, on the 20th inst., Dr. JOHN S. PORTER, aged about 35 years.

In Chattanooga county, Georgia, on the 4th of September, ISAAC HERRON, aged about 63 years. Mr. H. was a native of Mecklenburg county, N. C.

In Wilmington, on the 18th inst., OWEN HOLMES, Esq., aged 43 years.

In Monroe, on the 13th inst., in the 32d year of his age, Mr. WILLIAM RINGSTAFF, formerly of Hillsboro.

In York District, S. C., Mrs. ELIZABETH F., wife of James T. Foreman, aged about 53 years.

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The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11—ly)

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HUGH A. BLAIR, M. D., Prof. Anatomy, B. L. JONES, M. D., Prof. Chemistry, WM. F. FEAY, M. D., Emeritus, Prof. Chem'y, FRANKLIN DOZIER, M. D., Prof. Materia Medica.

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For circulars, etc., apply personally or by letter at once.

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COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Oct. 24

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Cole & Amis.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 25; Butter 15 @; Coffee 12@15; Candles, Tallow 20 @25; Adamantine 28@30; Sperma 40@45; Corn 0@1.00 Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00; Flaxseed 0.80; Hides, green 5; dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12@15; Molasses 35@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 35; Peas, yellow 75@80; white 75@80; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 24@; Rice 8@10; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12, loaf 15, crushed 15, clarified 15; Tallow 12@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET Oct. 20,

Reported expressly for the Times.

by Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family \$6.75 Dried Peaches, 40lbs. 30

" Extra 6 00 bu peeled 3.00@3.50

" S fine 5.50@5.80 unpeeled 2 00

Corn, W & M 60@65 do Sides 11@12

" Yellow 00@95 do 11@12

Wheat, white 1.00@1.30 Lard, No. 1, 44

" Red 1.00@1.12 " 2, 43

Pas, Rye 1.20 Staves, R.O. hhd 35.00

Flaxseed, 1.30 W.O. pipe, 43.00

Beans, 33 do hhd 50.00

Dried Apples, 70 bu. of do bbl. 28.00

25lbs 1.30@1.40

REMARKS:

CORN.—No new crop to any extent has been received yet, though it may soon be looked for. Receipts of old are very small, barely more than nominal or sufficient for home consumption or millers. The last sales were at 96 cts. for good White.

WHEAT.—Receipts are light and prices are steady. Some Red sold at \$1.11. We quote Red \$1.05@1.15, fair and good White \$1.10 @ \$1.20. Prime and choice parcels bring more and inferior less depending on quality and condition.

FLOUR.—Receipts by Railroad from North Carolina are again larger, and also some considerable arrivals by Canal and Railroad from Virginia and Tennessee within the week. The market is quiet and no transactions of importance can be noted. Holders are firm and we quote Superfine 5.25, Extra 6.00, casb. Some choice, uniform brands are held higher, but the demand for that is limited and of a retail character altogether.

COTTON.—Receipts of new are not large. Sales of good to prime 104 in straight lots. The market is not active and has rather a downward tendency.

DRIFT FRUIT.—Apples are in a little more favor and the range of prime extra bright may be quoted at or about 1.45. Transactions however are quite small. Peaches remain very dull indeed—extra bright peeled are slow at 3.50. Dark mixed 3.00@3.25. Unpeeled are unsaleable. Some sales at 1.75 and that can hardly now be obtained.

B. E. PEAS.—Receipts are quite good and a fair demand, which takes them as they come. Sales to-day of about 2500 bushels in bulk at 1.20. Receipts of the week are about 5000 bushels.

SUNDRIES.—Flaxseed are in less demand. Sales at 1.25@1.30, receipts small. White Beans low and dull; prices nominally 1.00.—Receipts small. Apple Brandy plenty and dull at 80@90 cts. with a downward tendency.

Professional Cards.

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105-16.

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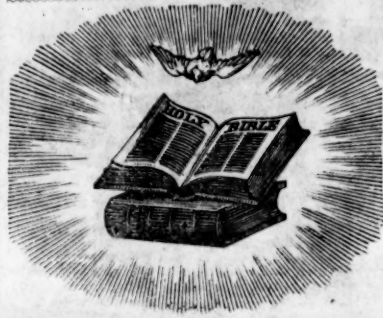
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EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Dear Young Friends:—It is now seventy-five years since that noble-hearted philanthropist Robert Raikes organized the first Sunday School ever known to the world; and, as another has said, few institutions promising such unmingled good to our race have developed more satisfactorily, and spread more widely in the intervening time, than have Sunday Schools.

From a limited and paid agency, as it was at first, aiming at little more than to teach the poor and the ignorant the first rudiments of a common education, it has risen to be a gratuitous, self-working, and powerful auxiliary of the Church of God, for the diffusion of truth, knowledge, and holiness.

It made the passage of the Atlantic the second year after its birth, and was welcomed by the apostolic Asbury to its first application in the New World, in the sparse settlements of Virginia and South Carolina. Although thus early introduced, its progress in America, for twenty years, was very slow, and embarrassed by peculiar difficulties.

Our whole population was then small; the country was new, and just recovering from a protracted revolutionary struggle; books and teachers were rare, and even churches and ministers were slow to comprehend the real design and character of the Sunday School. It was not till between the years 1820 and 1830 that Sunday Schools became general in the United States.

A little more than thirty years, therefore, may be considered as about the whole period in which Sunday Schools have had an opportunity to demonstrate their adaptedness to our soil, and their power to bless our nation.

From the very first they have taken a higher position here than they have ever taken in England. As schools for the religious instruction of the young, they have challenged and secured the attendance of the very best classes in society, as well as the poorest.

Availing themselves of the advantages derived from our free schools and systems of popular instruction, they have entered at once, and almost universally, upon teaching the word of God and the science of salvation; while to this day, even in free and enlightened England, Sunday schools are encumbered with the necessity of teaching, reading, spelling, and in some cases writing.

The publications of the London Sunday-School Union contain standing advertisements of boxes of moveable letters, which are recommended as prime requisites for instruction in the Sunday-school room. That Union has published a prize essay on Infant Classes, which is so intermingled with allusions to the moveable letters, and other means of teaching the rudiments of common learning, as to be wholly inadaptable to American use.

It occasionally happens, indeed, that Sunday schools here have the task of teaching some few, who have been so short a time in the country, or have been so secluded from its general privileges, as to require elementary instruction.

Usually, however, the Sunday school in America, at least north of Mason and Dixon's line, is able to take its proper place beside the day school, as the evangelizer and sanctifier of the knowledge acquired in the former.

Having glanced at the position of the Sunday school in the United States of America, let us survey the extent and promise of the field that here lies before it, for its action and its future development.

First. Our country is a field of vast territorial extent. The United States now span the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. From north to south they spread over the wide interval between the Canadas and Mexico.

Second. This great country is becoming populated with unparalleled rapidity. Calculations based upon the increase of the past, indicate that the population of the United States in 1860 will be more than thirty-one millions, in 1870 more than forty millions, in 1890 more than one hundred millions—exceeding the whole present population of England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Denmark. A step further in the calculation presents a prospect still more surprising: by 1930—less than eighty years—this mighty mass of mingled races will have swollen to the stupendous aggregate of two hundred and forty-six millions, equaling the present population of all Europe.

Third. This swelling tide of population is destined to speak a common language. The Sunday school is already acting as a powerful agent in bringing the different kindreds of the earth, here thrown together, into a common family, and to the common use of the English language.

Fourth. Throughout the United States the Press is free. Here to the Sunday school has availed itself more fully and efficiently than anywhere else of the agency of the press as a means of juvenile instruction and evangelization. It has already printed thousands of good books, and has at this moment millions of volumes in a continual and constant circulation throughout all our States and Territories. Most of our choice Sunday-school books are stereotyped: consequently it will be an easy matter to throw into circulation, as the population shall demand them, hundreds of millions of volumes.

Fifth. For national purposes the Sunday school was introduced among us at the right time. It has not here, as in older countries, to struggle with hoary prejudices and inveterate hostile customs. It is in fact the pioneer of the gospel to the inhabitants of our ever-advancing frontier, where, shaping the forming elements of society to its own blessed purpose, it secures a firm foothold in the community, and intrenches itself in the lasting affections of the people.

The Sunday school in America, although young, is, nevertheless, senior to the steam-boat, and the rail road and the magnetic telegraph. These mighty agencies of modern progress have been brought to its aid by a favoring Providence. They have already served it well; and if Christians are faithful to their trusts, they are destined to do for it in future time more than we can now comprehend.

Finally. Our free institutions and the enterprising spirit of our population, are highly favorable, under the divine blessing, to the universal propagation and most encouraging success of Sunday schools. Watched by no jealous eye of tyranny, obstructed by no factitious distinctions of caste, the humblest boy of the Sunday school may, if worthy, grow to be the chief magistrate of the nation; while all who have started in the career of Scriptural study with him, may rise to distinguished positions of honor and usefulness, and in their highest dignities feel honored still to labor in the Sunday school.

Let the reader cast his eye over the continents, islands, and nations of the earth, and find if he can another field in which, at least for ages to come, there is anything like the promise afforded by our own United States for the grand and universal development of the Sunday school enterprise. In view of these facts, will not Christians of all denominations cultivate a pure and exalted ambition to make this American Republic a model nation for Sunday schools?

And will not all the Sunday school scholars who read this, determine, as they grow up in life, to devote their time, talents and energies in behalf of this great and good cause, and thus repay as far as may be, the debt of gratitude due to the kind teachers who are now laboring for your welfare in time and in eternity?

"A Child's Evening Prayer."

Jesus, Heavenly Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed, and fed, and clothed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

May my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
When I die take me to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

USEFUL INFORMATION

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of useful knowledge is stored in the world, and, as it is, it is not only a treasure, but a curse, unless it is put to use. It is a treasure, because it is a source of power and wisdom; it is a curse, because it is a source of temptation and sin. The only way to make it a blessing is to use it for the good of the world.

PRESERVING SWEET POTATOES.—A correspondent of the Southern Planter gives the following cheap and simple plan for preserving sweet potatoes:

Make a pit in the ground, three feet deep below the surface, 12 feet long and 7 wide: place refuse planks on the bottom and walls, then build a structure over the pit, something like an ice house; cover it with straw and earth expressly to prevent the admission of cold air. A fire should be made in the pit, previous to placing the planks on the bottom, till everything therein is thoroughly dry. Now spread dry tags on the floor; pour in potatoes, which should be dried in the sun a day or two before, and cover them with dry tags. A door may be made in the southern side, large enough to afford access to the potatoes. Never open this except in good weather. Such is our mode of wintering roots.

CONCRETE FLOORS.—The lower floors of all the cellars of houses should be composed of a bed of concrete, about three inches thick. This would tend to render them dry, and more healthy, and at the same time prevent rats from burrowing under the walls from the outside, and coming up under the floors—the method pursued by these vermin where houses are erected on a sandy soil. This concrete should be made of washed gravel and hydraulic cement. The common mortar, mixed with pounded brick and washed gravel, makes a concrete for floors nearly as good as that formed with hydraulic cement. Such floors become very hard, and are much cheaper than those of brick or flagstone.

A CURE FOR SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—I send you the following receipt, which I have often seen tried with the most satisfactory results:—Procure some lamp oil, add a little white lead, and mix both together until the oil assumes a light straw color. When the horse comes in at night, his legs should be washed perfectly clean, and rubbed perfectly dry. Then apply the mixture, rubbing it well to the skin. Two or three applications are sufficient to effect a perfect cure, no matter how bad the case may be.—James Owen, Great Barrington, Mass., in Country Gentleman.

POISON.—A correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, alluding to the numerous cases of death from accidental poisonings, adds:

"I venture to affirm that there is scarce a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate remedy for such events, nothing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and drink immediately. It acts as an emetic, is always ready, and may be used in any case where one is required. Learn this simple antidote, and you may be the means of saving many a fellow-creature from an untimely end."

HORSES RUBBING THEIR TAILS.—Go to your nearest druggist, and get prepared a bottle of "Yellow Wash." Rub a little of it into the hair about the roots of the tail, once or twice a day, rubbing it in well, that it may go to the skin. It will stop the itching, and of course stop the rubbing.

SOME HINTS ABOUT BUTTER.—A good brine is made for butter by dissolving a quart of fine salt, a pound of loaf sugar, and a teaspoonful of saltpetre in two quarts water, and then strain it on the butter. Packed butter is most perfectly preserved sweet by setting the firkin into a larger firkin, and filling in with good brine, and covering it. Butter will keep sweet a year, thus.

Buttermilk kept in potter's ware dissolves the glazing, and becomes poisonous. Never scald strainers or milky vessels till thoroughly washed, as the milk or cream put in them will be injured by it. The best way to scald such vessels is to plunge them all over into scalding water, and then every spot is scalded.

Butter will sometimes not come because the air is too much excluded from the churn.

GIVING THE HORSE AN IDEA.—After whipping and coaxing had failed to induce a horse to move, the gentleman who was driving, or trying to, gave up. Then a cartman went to him, saying, "If you please, sir, I'll make him go." The privilege was granted, and going up to the gutter, he took up a handful of mud and rubbed it upon the nose of the horse, whereupon the horse started without trouble. The cartman accounted for the effect, by saying, "O, sir, it gives him a new idea."

TO CURE A BOIL.—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it. It will relieve the soreness in a few hours.

CORN CAKE.—Take corn meal and wet up with boiling water and butter milk, equal parts; make it thick as batter, and bake it in a hot oven for the breakfast. To be eaten hot.

Salad for the Solitary.

With a brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the groaning flame, the other yields the durable heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

A Lovely Oath.

"Do you," said Jane, the other day,
"Love me in earnest as you say?"
Or are those tender words applied,
Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear,
For, by those eyes, those lips, I swear,
She stopp'd me, as the oath I took,
And cried, 'You've sworn, now kiss the book!'"

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.—The following is the advice of an examining Judge to a young lawyer, on admission:

"Sir, it would be idle to trouble you farther. You are perfect, and I will dismiss you with a few words of advice, which you will do well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of civil law, never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress. Carry out this principal, sir, and you are safe. Never say boo to a goose, when she has the power to lay good eggs. Let your face be long, your bills longer. Never put your hand into your pocket when any one else's is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters. Plaster the Judge and butter the jury. Look wiser than an owl, and be as voracious as a town clock, and above all get money, honestly if you can, but, my dear sir, get money. I welcome you to the bar."

Last winter an Irishman, lately landed on our shores, applied to a merchant on the wharf for work. Willing to do him a kindness, the latter handed him a shovel, and pointing to the front of his store, told him to "shovel off the sidewalk." The merchant forgot all about the Irishman, until the lapse of an hour or two, when Teddy thrust his head into the counting room, (which was upstairs,) and enquired: "Mayhap yees ud be havin' a pick-sir?"

"A pick to get the snow off," said the merchant, smiling.

"The snow 'ud be off long since," replied Teddy, "an' the bricks, too, for that matter, but it's the side (soil) that sticks."

In some alarm the merchant ran to his front window, and sure enough the Irishman had thrown nearly all the pavement into the street, and made quiet a hole.

"Good gracious! man, I only wanted you to shovel off the snow!"

"Arrah, sir," said Teddy, "didnt yer honor tell me to shovel off the sidewalk?"

SAVE THE MAN WITH THE RED HAIR.—It requires great coolness and experience to steer a canoe down these rapids, (the St. Marie,) and a short time before our arrival, writes a correspondent, two Americans had ventured to descend them without boatmen, and were consequently upset.

As the story was reported to us, one of them owes his salvation to a singular coincidence. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing toward the group, frantic with excitement.

"Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed.

"He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath, and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the St. Marie, and in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay the debt of nature.

"And I'll tell you what it is, stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom, "a man 'll never know how necessary he is to society, if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well to him self."

DIDN'T TAKE ANY OF IT.—A little girl, after returning from church, where she saw a collection taken up for the first time, related what took place, and among other things, she said, with all her childish innocence, that a man passed round a plate that had some money in it, but she didn't take any.

Two brothers in Maine, by the name of Rich, have been lately married to two sisters by the name of Wings, and have removed to Illinois. Thus "riches have taken to themselves wings."

Some wicked rascal says, "that he has invented a new telegraph." He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart and commit the news to the first as a very profound secret.

The question has been asked: Why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, while it is considered every way correct for ladies to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all?

A young lady married a farmer, and wishing to provide linsey for domestic use, asked her husband to send down South and buy a cotton ram, so that they could raise their own cotton-wool.

Always respect old age.

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August, 1st, 1858. 134-14.

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